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Original Poetry.

OH! LET US ALL BE FRIENDS AGAIN!

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY NEMO.

Oh! let us all be friends again!
Warm friends as we have been,
Ere cold estrangement, like a cloud,
Our sunlight came between.
A thoughtless deed, a word, or look,
Has parted us in pain;
A kindly word, or cheerful smile,
Can make us friends again!

Oh! shall a "trifle, light as air,"
Engender rankling scorn—
The rose, from one cold, transient blast,
Become the goading thorn!—
And hearts that fondly, deeply loved,
Now live of each unblest,
While passions rage, like angry seas
That will not hush to rest!

The past has had its hallowed hours,
Of love and trusting faith,
They linger in our memories now,
They'll haunt us on till death!
In years to come our chastened hearts
May live those seasons o'er,
And be as happy and as loved,
As e'er they were before.

No heart, though stern as adamant,
But may be softened yet,
If we but school it to the task—
To pardon and forget.
A thoughtless deed, a word, or look,
Has parted us in pain;
A kindly word, or cheerful smile,
Can make us friends again!

Sept. 1848.

TO GRACE GREENWOOD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Oh, tell me, art thou beautiful,
Does gentle nature trace
The witching lines of symmetry
Upon thy unseen face?
I know that thou art beautiful—
Although thou art unseen;
Thy spirit's joy and gladness
Must be mirrored in thy mien.

A heart as gay and glad as thine
Must light a winning face;
And needs must dwell within a form
Of witchery and grace;
I would that I could see thee now,
Beside thy cottage home;
Or midst the wild and happy scenes
Where thou so lov'st to roam.

Say, does thy soul of poetry
Glow warm in every word—
Like that which marks the warbling
Of some sweet singing bird;
That on some bright and radiant morn
So ravishes the ear,
Enchaining us right willingly,
Be every note to hear?

How I love thy free pure spirit,
As it breathes along each line;
Showing that thou dost inherit
From on high a soul divine;
One that knoweth nought of sorrow—
God shield thee from it long!—
From all things gladness borrow,
Fair and happy child of song.

Wilmington, Del. J. F. B.

Pictures of Life.

DUNCOMBE PARK.

BY THE MAIDEN AUNT.

CHAPTER I.

December 14th.—It was an interesting visit on which I entered to-day, and I felt unusually nervous as my humble one-horse fly drove through the great gates of Duncombe Park, and finally deposited me, my carpet-bag, my trunk, my band-box, my two baskets, and my seven parcels, beneath the stately portico of the mansion itself. I was ashamed to burthen the dignified footman with all my odds and ends, especially as I saw him raise a wistful look, first at the coach-box and then to the door, evidently expecting to see my lady's maid in the act of descending; and, when he became convinced that I travelled without any such appendage, I detected a spice of contempt in the elaborate civility with which he took package after package from my hands to deposit them on the hall table. I was afraid lest the yet grander butler, who stood behind, should see my prunella shoes; which I carried in a separate parcel that I might not have to fish them up from the bottom of the bag when making my toilette for dinner; so I thrust them into my spacious pocket in a great hurry, somewhat to the disadvantage of the symmetry of my figure, and affecting a lofty indifference as to the fate of that precious heap of parcels, every one of which I longed to carry up stairs and unfasten with my own hands, I followed my conductor across the marble floor. On the threshold of the drawing-room I was met by my brother-in-law, who took me by both hands, and welcomed me in the kindest possible manner.—"My dear Miss Forde," said he, "I can assure you that this is one of the most gratifying moments I have experienced since I left the Continent."—Then, giving me his arm, he led me forward and introduced me to his daughters, the elder of whom submitted to my embrace, while the younger cordially returned it. During the five or ten minutes which elapsed before I was conducted to my bed-room to dress, I had time to make a rapid survey of the trio, and compare them with the faces of thirteen years ago, which still remained vividly impressed on my memory.

My brother-in-law is still a fine-looking man.—He has grown somewhat portly, and a tendency to gout in the left foot has caused him to change his former activity of movement for a deliberateness which is not, however, without dignity. He has the same sweet smile, and his voice is even more gentle, his manners more bland than they used to be. Well, people may say what they please, but I never can believe he has so bad a temper as he is reported to have. Surely, if he were really so passionate, I must have seen some specimen of it before now. It is true that many circumstances prevented my having much intercourse with him during my poor sister's life-time, and that, more than once, when I have seen them together, I have fancied that she seemed afraid of him; yet his deportment to her was ever that of a devoted husband, and it really seems impossible that an expression of countenance so benevolent, and a manner of speaking so unusually mild, should belong to a man of violent temper. He is said, moreover, to be proud, and *that* I believe, although his bearing shows no symptom of it, except, perhaps, a certain elaborateness in his courtesies, which, as Owen, (my "old bachelor" brother,) used to say, "when you see in a *gentleman*, you may be sure that he looks down upon you." Perhaps Owen would draw a similar conclusion from his studious gentleness; but Owen is a caustic observer, and, though such persons always pique themselves on their perception of character, I do not find that they are generally so right in the end as those who take a more charitable view of their fellow-creatures. As for myself, I do not know that I can be called a good judge of character, but somehow or other I do manage to be generally on comfortable terms with all the manifold varieties that I encounter; and it has more than once been remarked that I have a true feminine gift of winning influence over even the obstinate. I hope I am not vain of this, and, if it be true that I do possess such power, I hope that I may always use it for good. At any rate I am not going to quarrel with my good brother-in-law, or to hunt for defects in his character just at the time when he is giving me so affectionate a reception.

My niece, Anna, is not so handsome as she promised to be at fifteen; but she has a fine figure and a very sensible countenance. Her manners are a curious contrast to her father's; they are positively abrupt, and, as she never smiles when she speaks, the first impression is certainly not pleasing. I should say she was a little ungracious; but I dare say it is fancy. I am so accustomed to breathe a warm atmosphere of love, that I feel chilled and oppressed without it; but how unreasonable it is to expect that a niece whom I have seen very little of for the first fifteen years of her life, and not at all since, should love me by instinct. I must try to win her affections, and it shall be hard if she baffles me in the attempt.

Janet is a sweet creature; very shy and downcast, but with the brightest little face I ever beheld when she smiles at you. She is very pretty, and very like her mother: tall, slender and blue-eyed, with her fair young face in a perpetual blush. She glanced so kindly at me through her long eyelashes, that I could not help taking her hand in mine as we sat side by side, and indeed, I should have ventured on another embrace, if Anna's eyes had not rested upon us at the moment, with a half-surprised expression which deterred me. And where, thought I, is my old friend and favorite Charles? But I concluded he was engaged in some of those mysterious occupations which always separate young men from their families during the morning hours, even if they are neither students nor sportsmen, and that I should see him at the dinner-table.

"I hope you have not suffered from cold during your journey at this unpropitious season, Miss Forde," observed Colonel Harwood; "Anna, is there a good fire in your aunt's room? We must be careful of our visitor's comforts, you know."

"I have no doubt there is, papa," returned Anna. "White seldom neglects her duties."

"I went in just before I came down stairs, papa," said Janet, "and saw that everything was comfortable for Aunt Margaret."

"This is my little housekeeper," said the colonel, putting his hand on Janet's shoulder with a smile. "You will find differences of character in your two nieces. Anna is fond of her books, and Janet studies the details of every day life. I am no foe to varieties of character—develope rather than change, guide rather than check, that has been my system of education. Faults must of course be cured—and they both have their faults: but they have also their peculiarities, and I am by no means prepared to say that these peculiarities are faults."

During this speech Anna looked cross and Janet awkward, while I felt it impossible to make any answer whatever, except a little absurd laugh, of which I was ashamed, because it was so unmeaning. "All very wise and right, my dear brother-in-law," thought I, "but are you not a little, just the very least bit in the world, pompous? And is it not very unpleasant for your daughters to be described before their faces in that manner?" Somehow or other the conversation flagged after that speech of the colonel's.

"Will you not like to dress, Miss Forde—Aunt Margaret?" asked Anna, after a pause. I acquiesced, and we were quitting the room, when I was checked by hearing my brother-in-law say in his politest tone, "Have you not dropped something, Miss Forde? Here, Janet, take this to your aunt." He stooped with some difficulty, owing to his gouty foot, and lifted my unhappy shoes off the carpet. I was the more annoyed as the parcel had opened, and discovered two or three little last thoughts which I had popped in with the shoes just before starting. He collected with the utmost [illegible] some bootlaces, and, alas! that it must be confessed, a small box of corn-plaster, all of which he presented to me with an air of complete unconsciousness.

I could scarcely conceal my vexation. Janet could not restrain a burst of girlish laughter; her father turned to her in displeased surprise. The poor child became crimson; but I put my arm around her waist, and drew her out of the room with me, joining the laugh as I did so, for the whole matter was so ludicrous that my annoyance soon gave way to amusement. "Oh, aunt!" she began, apologetically, when we reached the stair case. "Don't say a word about it, my love," interrupted I; "old maids, you know, are privileged to have oddities, and henceforth I grant you the privilege of laughing at all mine as fast as you find them out. But, tell me, where is Charles? I shall see him, shall I not?"

Janet's face became gravity itself, and Anna answered, "No, he is not at home."

"Not at home!" repeated I, in dismay, "but he will return before I go, I hope."

"I do not think there is any chance of his being able to do so," replied Anna, shortly. Her manner was so decided, and Janet's eyes had become so tearful since her brother's name was mentioned, that I felt sure there was some mystery behind the scenes, and did not like to say any more. An hour afterwards our little party assembled at dinner. The colonel was the kindest and politest of hosts, but I did not feel very gracious towards him, for I was sure, from Janet's flushed face and timid manner, that she had undergone a lecture on the ill-breeding of laughing at her aunt. Nevertheless, it is evident to me that he is an affectionate father, though, doubtless, somewhat too much of a disciplinarian; both the girls seemed fond though afraid of him, and his manner to the dear little culprit evidently shows that he has forgiven her misdemeanor, after duly reprimanding her for it. I wish with all my heart that he did not think himself such a perfect father, and feel bound to keep up his character on every occasion. Striving after perfection is doubtless right, but constantly trying to act up to an inward self-consciousness of perfection is a very different and a far less pleasant thing. I must take myself to task about my brother-in-law. I am beginning already to find his company a perpetual little provocation to me, and this is both tiresome and ridiculous. I cannot describe what there is about him which I do not like—he is kind, hospitable, sensible and gentlemanlike; but there is a sort of elaborateness and self-consciousness about all he does and says, which I greatly wish I had not observed, because it teases me, and perhaps after all it is only fancy. It seems as if he were perpetually saying in his own mind, "Now I am being the courteous host—now I am going to speak as the kind brother—this must be said with an encouraging bow to Miss Forde—now I am showing by my manners that I think women have a full right to express their opinions, but delicately conveying at the same time that they should always express them with modesty.—I never forget the well-bred gentleman in the affectionate relation, nor the affectionate relation in the well-bred gentleman." Oh, if you could but forget *yourself*, you would be a very agreeable man! But it is foolish and even ungrateful to think in this manner, and I will put it out of my head if I can.

"We are but a small Christmas party," observed the colonel; "I have not yet been sufficiently long at home to renew my acquaintance with the other members of our family, of whom I have lost sight for so many years. I confess that I am fond of family meetings, and always encourage them.—They are *right*, and I generally find that what is right is also agreeable."

"You must have been lonely sometimes, when you were abroad," said I. "I think the seasons at which these happy unions are natural and habitual, must be very desolate when you have no familiar faces to gather around you."

"It was a deprivation, certainly," returned he, "but I do not think we were lonely. I hope we have too many resources in ourselves and in each other to find any situation lonely. I should be almost as sorry to find my children dependent on society, as disdainful of it."

I felt nearly out of patience, but scolded myself for my absurdity, and replied very civilly that I thought he was perfectly right.

"I must look to you," he continued, "for information concerning those with whom I hope, ere long, to become personally intimate. You have just been staying with the Bryants, have you not?"

I acquiesced, and said a few warm words in praise of those dear creatures.

"My girls," proceeded the colonel, "anticipate much pleasure and profit from the society of their cousins. Anna is looking forward to an acquaintance with Katharine, who must, I think, be nearly her own age. Is it not so, Anna?"

"I really don't know, papa," returned Anna; "I have not the slightest recollection of my Cousin Katharine, and I never thought about her age."

"She is five-and-twenty," said I, secretly amused at seeing that the colonel appeared a little disconcerted by this speech. "Do you remember Frederic? He has just been distinguishing himself greatly at college."

"He promised to be clever," remarked the colonel, "though I should have supposed him rather brilliant than solid. He visited us at Nice, during his first college vacation, and I observed, then, a certain tendency to repartee in conversation, a disinclination to the steady pursuit of any discussion, and indeed, in some instances, an apparent incapacity to feel the force of the arguments which were employed against him, which, however natural in so young a man—and I hope I am always ready to make allowances for youth—were more creditable to his wit and imagination than to his judgment."

"He has just taken a double first class," said I, as demurely as I could.

"Indeed!" replied my brother-in-law, "I rejoice to hear it. And George—he must be growing into a man now—has he not some unfortunate impediment in his speech?"

"He stammers a little," answered I, "but we hope it is improving. It will be a great disadvantage to him if he enters the church."

"A great deal more may be done towards curing or concealing those little natural defects than people are apt to imagine," observed the colonel, complacently; "I speak from experience. If I were so unfortunate as to stammer, I should assume a slow, and, as it were, explanatory mode of speaking, by which the repetition of the word or syllable would generally be avoided, and in which, when such a repetition *did* occur, it would seem rather an intentional emphasis, in character, with the manner, than an inevitable defect."

"Do you think stammering could be cured by such a system, papa?" asked Anna.

"I am not prepared to say that it could be *cured*, my dear," returned her father, "but I believe it might, except in very bad cases, be rendered perfectly inoffensive. In a somewhat analogous case, I have followed a similar plan myself, with complete success. Since I last saw Miss Forde—" (with a bow and a smile to me) "I have been afflicted with a slight tendency to gout, but by adopting a slower manner of moving, which is certainly not unsuited to my advancing years," (another smile,) "I have so effectually concealed it, that I would venture to say, that no person, unacquainted with the circumstance, would ever guess it; and that Miss Forde herself would be puzzled to decide in which foot the malady lay."

By the time he had finished this speech, he had turned to me with an air of modest and triumphant inquiry, and I was once more reduced to my little stupid laugh, for in the first five minutes I had seen as clearly as possible that he had got the gout, that he had it in his left foot, and that he was trying to look as if he had not got it at all. Fortunately his self-complacency on this subject was too secure to be easily alarmed, and he took my short chuckle for a sign of complete approbation. Soon afterwards we rose to quit the dining room, the colonel holding the door open for us with profound politeness. As we passed out, he stopped Janet, put his arm round her waist, and kissed her cheek, I suppose, in token of complete reconciliation. After all, he is a good creature, and I like him very much.

Anna apologized for leaving me alone with her sister till tea time. She is learning German, and her master, who has many engagements in Exeter, which is fourteen miles from Duncombe Park, is able to attend her only at this unusual hour. I was not sorry for the opportunity of improving my acquaintance with my youngest and most attractive niece; so we sat down together on the sofa, and in a very short time she was chattering away with innocent freedom, and with a fluency for which I had scarcely given her credit. "But tell me," said I, after listening with interest to her glowing description of the last year which they had spent at Rome, when, as she observed, she was beginning to be old enough really to enjoy the wonders, and appreciate the advantages, around her, "tell me something about Charles. Was he with you at Rome?"

"No," she replied, casting down her eyes, while her face was overspread with sadness, "it had all happened before then."

"It!—what?" inquired I, my curiosity now thoroughly roused. "What is the matter about my favorite, Charles?"

"Oh, Aunt Margaret, that is just what I wish so much to tell you," returned the little girl; "I have got a letter for you from him," added she, first giving a cautious glance round the room, and then drawing a paper from her pocket, which she hastily put into my hand, "but before you read it, I must tell you a little, or you will not understand it. Charles is married."

"Married!" repeated I, in utter amazement, yet scarcely able to keep from laughing at the absurdity of the thing—that my heedless nephew should be a husband, and that he should employ his little sister clandestinely to convey a letter on the subject to me, his almost unknown aunt, was really altogether so very astonishing, and so completely puzzling, that the eagerness with which I demanded further information was no more than might have been expected. Janet informed me, that Charles had become attached to a young French lady at Nice, and that, his father's prejudice against an alliance with a foreigner being absolutely insurmountable, he had married her privately, about four years ago. With all the sanguine ardor of his character, he hoped that the colonel would pardon him when the thing was irrevocably done, though he never would have permitted him to do it. He was wofully mistaken. "Oh, Aunt Margaret," said the innocent narrator, "I never shall forget the evening when it all came out. It was very dreadful. Charles had been away for about a fortnight—he pretended it was to make a little tour—but, in reality, he had gone to be married to Mademoiselle de Millebrun. We were all sitting at tea, when there was a loud ring at the bell, and the next moment the door opened, and in he came. He looked odd and excited, as I afterwards remembered, but at the time I was so pleased to see him return unexpectedly, that I did not notice it, but jumped up to kiss him, while papa said, a little gravely, 'Why, Charles, you have taken us quite by surprise. We have not received any letter,—but I suppose you wrote to announce that you were coming?' Papa particularly dislikes surprises of any kind."

"I dare say he does," rejoined I, observing that she paused, and I added, in my own mind, "they must break in terribly upon those systematic methods of moving and speaking, which he thinks so clever."

Janet continued:—

"Well, I scarcely know how it all happened, and, indeed, I hardly understood it, even then—but after a few incoherent attempts to talk as usual, he broke quite desperately into the subject. 'My dear father,' said he, 'will you forgive me for the first disobedience to your commands of which I have ever been guilty? My—' here he hesitated—'you know, my—the strength of my affections for Adele—for Mademoiselle de Millebrun, and—' My father stood up, and his face was terrible with anger—it was quite white, and he drew his lips together as if he were almost afraid of speaking. 'Anna and Janet,' said he, in a very low, quick voice, 'go to your own rooms—I do not choose that you should hear this.' Anna got up, and left the room directly, and I stole after her, quite terrified, for, you know, I love Charles so very dearly, and so I could not help lingering a little, and was just going to take his hand, for sometimes, when papa is angry, he lets me coax him, and is quite kind again. But I did not understand how terribly serious he was now, and I met a glance from his eye which frightened me so much, that I dared not stay. Half an hour passed—oh! what a half hour it was! I was by myself, and in the dark—I had a kind of feeling that I would not ring for a candle, lest the servants should find anything out, so I sat down on my bed, and cried, I hardly know why, and tried to hear the sound of their voices in the room below, but I only heard Charles' voice now and then, and that was a bad sign, for when papa is excessively angry, he always speaks low. Suddenly there was total silence; and, a minute afterwards, I heard a step at my door, and a whisper, 'Janet, are you there?' I ran forwards, and poor Charles clasped me in his arms, and kissed me again and again. I felt his hot tears upon my cheek, and I sobbed, so that I could not speak to him, and he said nothing but 'Good-by, my own darling! God bless you!—good by!'—at last he seemed to make a great effort to control himself, and said to me, hurriedly, and in a whisper, as if he was afraid of being interrupted or overheard, 'My dearest Janet, you are not old enough to understand all that has happened, but thus much I must tell you. I am married to Mademoiselle de Millebrun—she is now my wife, and she already loves you as a sister—and Anna, too, of course. But my father is very angry about it, and has desired me to go away, and refused to see my wife, or to allow me to see you, my own sisters, again. He says he will never forgive me, and though he did not blame Adele so much, because she is so very young, only seventeen, he said over and over again, that as long as he lived, I should never set foot within his doors again. I am afraid he will keep this promise only too strictly, and so I have stolen up stairs to say good-by to you, and to beg you, as you grow older, never to forget this last conversation—never to forget how much I love you, nor that I have told you, that upon my word and honor, your new sister, Adele, is as innocent as a child, and that you must think of her with affection, and never suffer anybody to teach you to think unkindly either of her or of me. Will you promise me this?' You can fancy how I felt, Aunt Margaret, and what I answered, as well as I could for my tears. I am not telling you about myself, you know, but about Charles. He then went on to say, that he was afraid of doing wrong in telling such a child as I was to hide anything from my father, but he did not know what to do, he could not bear to go on without hearing from me and writing to me. So he settled this plan. We have an old nurse who has lived with us ever since papa married, and who is so fond of Charles that she would cut off her hand to do him a pleasure. Twice a year Charles was to write to me under cover to her, and I was to answer his letter, and trust to her to get it taken secretly to the post—"

"It was not right, my love," interposed I, "he should not have done it. I pity him very, very much—but, indeed, it was wrong."

"It is more my fault than his," returned Janet, blushing with earnestness. "In the second letter that Charles sent me, he told me that he felt he had done wrong, that his conscience was uneasy on the subject, and that, great as was the sacrifice, he must give up hearing from me. But I could not bear it; so I persisted in writing to him just the same, and, you know, he could not help answering my letters."

"Well, well," said I, inwardly feeling that in poor Charles the boy was truly father to the man, and that he had grown up the same impetuous, warm-hearted creature, governed by impulse rather than principle, that he was at fourteen—"well, well, Janet, go on with your story."

"There is not much more to tell," she answered, "Charles made me fetch Anna to wish him good-by——"

"Oh!" said I;—"and Anna—is she very fond of Charles? Why did he not go to her instead of to you?"

"Because," replied Janet, with a little embarrassment, "he knew Anna would never have agreed to write to him against papa's wishes—besides, Anna and Charles—I don't know—they used not to be so *very* fond of each other—they used sometimes to quarrel. But Anna was very sorry, indeed, and cried a great deal, both that night and the next morning. I know, though she was vexed, too, that Charles did not go first to her, for she never would speak upon the subject at all, but if ever I mentioned it, she bade me 'Never mind,' and said I was too young to be able to understand anything about it."

"Does she not know that you write to Charles, then?" asked I, in some surprise.

"Oh, no, no! I dare not tell her; she would think it wrong, and then she would tell papa directly."

"And has she heard nothing of her brother, then, for four years?" cried I, unable to suppress my wonder.

"Yes; she has heard of him now and then, through a third person," answered Janet; "Charles and his wife settled at Boulogne—they are very, *very* poor, and he wanted to live as cheaply as possible, but, I believe, he has found the place dearer than he expected. Now, we have a friend near Boulogne, with whom Anna corresponds, and this lady always writes word how Charles is; from her, too, papa and Anna heard of the births of his two children. Anna always gives the letters to papa, but he never makes any comment upon them."

"And Colonel Harwood has never shown any signs of relenting? Four years!—it is a long time to be angry with a son."

"Why, I am coming to that," said Janet; "it is the strangest part of all. Anna's friend, who wishes well to Charles, has more than once written to say how very poor he is—how much distressed in his circumstances. He has tried to support himself by giving lessons in English, Latin, and drawing, in which he is a proficient; but he got very few pupils, and now he has three persons besides himself to maintain, and he grows poorer and poorer. At first, he could not bear that Adele should work, too, but he has been obliged to give up his objection, and she embroiders and teaches music, but still they earn very little."

"Has Adele no relations?" interrupted I.

"No, none," said Janet. "Her family was well nigh extirpated at the time of the Revolution. Her mother was its only living representative besides herself, and she died a year after Adele's marriage. I believe her fortune, which is very, very small, is all they have to live upon, except their earnings."

"And his father can bear to know this?" exclaimed I.

CHAPTER II.

Janet proceeded with her story—"The last letter from Anna's friend arrived about five weeks ago, and gave a most melancholy account of them. They had been then several months without any pupils at all, and the lady said she believed they would come to England to seek employment, if it were not that they had been compelled to run in debt at Boulogne, and, not being able to pay their debts, of course they could not leave the place. Papa gave this letter back to Anna, as he had done all the others, without saying a word. But two days afterwards, nurse told me that among the letters sent to the post that morning, had been one directed in papa's hand-writing, to Mrs. Charles Harwood to the care of Madame Vieville, Grande Rue, Boulogne. I was surprised that he wrote to Adele and not to Charles; however, I felt very happy, and thought it was all going to turn out well at last. I thought so still more, when, a fortnight afterwards, as we rose to leave the dining-room, papa told us, in his shortest manner, that Mrs. Charles Harwood and her children were coming to spend the Christmas with us. I could have jumped for joy, and in my ecstacy, I could not help saying, 'Oh, papa,—and Charles?' He knit his brow, and said, 'Understand, both of you, that this is a subject on which I do not choose to be spoken to. You are to hear what I say, and make no answer.' Of course I dared not reply, but still I felt quite confident and very happy, till last Thursday, when nurse gave me a packet from Charles, containing that note for you. There was also a letter for me, in which he told me that papa had written very shortly to Adele, saying that he wished herself and her two children to spend the Christmas with him. Poor Charles was in ecstacies—he thought this was certainly the first step to a reconciliation—he made Adele answer the cold, brief invitation in the most grateful terms, and he himself wrote a long letter full of thanks, expressions of affection and repentance, and entreaties for forgiveness. This letter was immediately returned unopened. It was enclosed to Adele, and in the cover were written these few lines:—

"'Madam—I shall be happy to receive yourself and your children as soon after the 17th of December as you can make it convenient to come to me. I return you unread a letter which never should have been written, and which never could have been sent, had you not made the great mistake of supposing that I could not distinguish between the misled and the misleader—between mere weakness and positive sin. *You* have never yet had any duty towards me to fulfil, and therefore you have transgressed none. I remain, madam, your sincere well-wisher,

"'EVERARD HARWOOD.'

"Oh, what harsh, harsh words!" cried poor Janet, interrupted by her own tears.

After a moment's pause she resumed her tale,—

"Charles told me that, in spite of these bitter words, which have made him very miserable, he cannot give up all hope; he thinks still that papa *must* be intending to relent, and therefore he has decided that Adele and the children shall certainly come. He desires me to tell you the whole history before you read his letter to you, and—but now, dear Aunt Margaret, please read the letter."

I opened the paper, as she desired, and read as follows:—

"My dear, kind Aunt Peggy,—"

"Poor Charles!" said I, involuntarily stopping to wipe my eyes. I began again,—

"My dear, kind Aunt Peggy—For well do I remember your kindness to me when I was a boy, and I should indeed be most ungrateful if I could forget the thousand and one treats and presents with which you used to brighten my school-days. It is the recollection of all this which makes me hope to find a friend in you now, and if you have not quite forgotten the affection which I know you used to bear me, (and I think it would be a hard matter for you to leave off loving any one,) you will not refuse to help me now that Janet has told you my sad story, and you know how unhappy I am."

"But how, *how* can I possibly help him?" asked I, interrupting myself again.

"Read on, and you will see!" cried Janet, whose face was full of joyful hope. I continued to read—

"I will not take up your time by defences or apologies for my conduct. I was to blame—I was wrong—I don't seek to deny it, either to myself or to others. But I am severely punished, when I see the sweetest wife that ever brought happiness to a man's heart and home, and two innocent babes, actually suffering from want. Of my own personal affliction from the displeasure of a father whom I must ever revere, and the cessation of intercourse with sisters whom I love most tenderly, I will say little. Perhaps I deserved it. But has not my punishment lasted long enough? Now, my dear Aunt Peggy," (the boy must know by instinct how that name wins its way to my heart,) "will you use your influence in my behalf? My father has the highest opinion of you. I have heard him say repeatedly that there is no person to whom he would so willingly confide the education of his daughters as to yourself. He has likewise a warmer feeling towards you, remembering that you were the favorite sister of my poor mother. I cannot help imagining that he is now just in the state of mind only to require to have the matter reasonably put before him to induce him to yield. I cannot but hope that a few arguments and a little persuasion from you would win my cause. Will you refuse to make the attempt? No, I am quite sure you will not; and the idea of your consent sends a feeling of happiness through my heart, to which it has been very long a stranger. God bless you, my dear Aunt Peggy, and prosper you in the effort which I am sure you will make for me. I need not commend my Adele to your kindness—you will love her the moment you see her. And as to the piccaninnies, I know you love all babies, and I don't think you will like my little son and heir the less because he is reckoned the image of his unlucky father. Perhaps you will say I should write 'blamable' for 'unlucky,' and perhaps you are right—however, amid all my faults and misfortunes, I have still pleasure in signing myself,

Your affectionate and grateful nephew,
"CHARLES HARWOOD."

I put down the letter, and there was Janet's beaming face at my side. She clasped her arms about my neck, half sobbing, and saying, "Oh, dear Aunt Margaret, you say yes, don't you? you will try for poor Charles, I am sure you will." What could I do but kiss her, and promise to do my best? yet never did maiden aunt feel more bewildered than I did in the new position I had thus involuntarily assumed. In the first place, I was a little afraid of my brother-in-law at all times; and, in the present instance, I felt by no means sure that he would not resent my interference, as quite uncalled for and impertinent. But then both Janet and Charles seemed so secure of my influence with him; and then, thought I, suppose I *should* succeed, suppose I *should* reconcile son and father, of what happiness should I be the cause, and what a delightful remembrance it would be for me, to the end of my life! Owen says, that to appeal to me about my usefulness, or my influence with others, is attacking me on my weak side. And certainly, when I leave a house, I *do* like to be able to say to myself that I have done some good in it. How could there be a better opportunity of doing good than this? I am getting sanguine, and my hopes outweigh my fears.

I am the more inclined to be confident because I cannot but agree with Charles that the invitation to Adele, cold and ungracious as it is, must be considered as a sign that the colonel intends to relent. If he has no such intention, why did he not send them a remittance, instead of that unaccountable invitation? Poor dear Charles! Who could have fancied that he remembered me so well and so kindly? He was always a favorite of mine, but I little thought that the trifling kindnesses of so many years ago would make so deep an impression. How he must have suffered! and my sweet little Janet, too—what a singular mixture of prudence and feeling has she shown for so young a girl! The prudence has been taught her by fear, which, as I have often observed, will teach a sorrowful kind of caution, very painful to witness, even to a little child. But Anna—there is a mystery in her. She must have a cold heart, I am afraid; perhaps her affections have never been encouraged to expand, for I suspect Janet is the favorite both with brother and father. As to Colonel Harwood, the more I reflect on his character the more hopeful I feel, though I was at first so much cast down. His temper, though roused to one violent ebullition by such defiance of authority, is evidently under control, and would certainly never show itself towards me, of whom he has so high an opinion. But I must go to work very carefully, and manage to introduce the subject at the right time, and in the right manner. Everything depends upon that. Some people in my situation would go blundering straightforward to the point they wished to attain, and spoil their work by their clumsy method of doing it. But I fancy I have rather an aptness for the sort of thing, and, with the help of a little woman's wit, I do not despair of succeeding.

I am writing this account of my first day at Duncombe Park, in my bed-room, before going to rest, and I have so lost the thread of my story in meditating on the grand effort which I am to make to-morrow, that I had nearly forgotten to say how the evening passed off. There is not much to record. Anna joined us at the tea-table, and I tried to win my way through her reserve by talking to her of the German poets, with whom I supposed she was beginning to make acquaintance. But she seems more occupied with the grammatical structure of the language, than with its literary stories, and she has a school-method of classing the "stars" which somewhat amused me. She puts Schiller above Uhland because he is less easy to comprehend, while Gothe stands highest of all, not by reason of his marvellous genius, but "because he is so very difficult." The exquisite "Hermann and Dorothea," is, however, an exception among his works, and was contemptuously dismissed with the observation, "Oh, that is quite easy; I read that when I was only a beginner." This manner of judging was new to me as applied to literature, though I have remarked that it is common enough with reference to the fine arts; the accomplished pianist who utterly despises Mozart, and takes a cool superior tone above Beethoven, will speak with rapture of Thalberg or Doehler, and with a reverent awe of Chopin, proportioned to the difficulty of unravelling the involved mazes of his time, and deciphering the mysterious double sharps and triple flats, wherewith he is pleased to diversify the monotonous simplicity of musical notation. He is a politic man doubtless. Who cares for plain C? It is a note of no importance or dignity whatever. But call it B double flat, and immediately it is invested with a character of grandeur and originality which it might have sought to attain by any other means, in vain. The doctor who tells you to drink camomile tea three times a day, has no title to your respect—no claim upon your faith. He might have won both if he had but had the sense to call for a sheet of paper, and write—*Decoctio Anthemidis* [illegible] *ter diem.*

After tea, my brother-in-law, who had watched my conversation with Anna, with evident satisfaction, (I kept it up the more diligently because I am of course anxious to encourage the high estimation in which I find that he holds me, and because I observed that he was pleased to see that I was likely to assist his daughters in their studies,) drew his chair forward and addressed me in his blandest and most cordial manner. "I like," said he, "to encourage and keep up all the old-fashioned customs connected with this season of the year. I am no enemy to merry-making in proper place and time, and among the other innocent amusements with which our grandfathers and grandmothers were accustomed to while away the long winter evenings, I, for one, see no objection to a good game of cards." His voice assumed a tone half inquiring, half congratulatory, as he closed his speech, and slightly rubbing his hands together, he looked pointedly at me, as much as to say, "Here's a tolerant, benevolent, cheerful, benignant brother-in-law and father of a family for you." The plain English of these words and looks of deferential self approval, was, that Colonel Harwood chose, on every winter's evening to play whist for two mortal hours, and that I was expected to supply the place of the Dumbie who ordinarily held the fourth hand in the rubber. I positively detest cards, and am generally in the habit of making all sorts of mistakes, even in the simplest games; this evening, however, in pursuance of my plan of establishing myself in my brother-in-law's good graces, and maintaining him in that good opinion of me which he has chosen to adopt, I assumed my place at the table very amiably, and gave my whole attention to the matter in hand. And, as happily for me, I was Janet's partner, my want of skill passed unnoticed, for the colonel was too well pleased to win, to depreciate the abilities of his antagonists, and we parted for the night, the best possible friends. And now, before I lay my head on my pillow, one more look upon those skies of dark, clear frosty blue, on which every star stands out like a hewn projection of glittering diamond. Oh, perpetual reproof of the littleness of man! Is it not marvellous that he has walked beneath you for five thousand years, and has not yet received the placidity of your greatness into his soul? Would it not seem as though one glance upon the majesty of the midnight heavens were enough so to subdue, calm, and humble the spirit of a mortal, that all strifes, envyings, and jealousies, all vanity and all meanness, should depart from it, never to return, giving place to noble shame, and assured though reverent hope? Surely he who should ask his bitterest foe to forgive him, amid the silent magnificence of night, could never be repulsed! Poor Charles! My last thought before I sleep is of you—my last prayer is for the reconciliation of the father and son, and a voice within assures me that it shall not remain unanswered.

December 15th.—What a simpleton have I been! I could beat myself for very vexation! My ridiculous vanity has been at the bottom of it all—I am ashamed to look back at the pages of my journal and see how I had worked myself up into believing that I was appointed to heal the wounds and soothe the differences of this family. It is astonishing that I could so deceive myself. And now I have done harm instead of good; and I wish my tongue had been cut out before it exposed itself and me by such uncalled for absurdity. Well, it is fit that I should narrate all the particulars of my unhappy failure, as a punishment for the past, and a lesson for the future. I found no opportunity in the morning of introducing the all important subject. I had weighed the matter well in my mind, and decided that the presence of my nieces would be an obstacle to my success, and that I must choose some occasion when I should be alone with their father for making the attempt. This view I founded upon my supposed comprehension of the colonel's character, and I plumed myself not a little upon the penetration wherewith I imagined that I had estimated his various peculiarities, and the skill wherewith I believed myself to be suiting, allowing for, and taking advantage of them. Poor, silly Aunt Peggy! you are fit for nothing but worsted-work, letter-writing and small talk! It seems to me, now, as though Charles and Janet were mad to give me such a commission—but theirs are young heads—what is to be said of the discretion of their mature confidante and agent?

To proceed, however—I passed the whole day in studying to please and oblige my brother-in-law. At breakfast he amused himself by giving me, in a style at once elevated and colloquial, sublime and familiar, a sketch of the habits and pursuits of himself and his household. Had not every tone and gesture so completely expressed "this is the picture of a rational and happy family!" I believe I should have responded to his description by that very remark; but this incessant modest consciousness, and candid confession of great merit effectually checks all disposition to admire. I found that he considered it part of his duty as a father, to exercise a certain sort of superintendence over the education of his children; at present he was engaged in reading Italian with Anna, and giving Janet lessons in history. After all, he is really a well-read and accomplished man, and I have no right to ridicule him. His system of historical instruction seems to be a particular hobby; all his information is imparted by means of tables which he draws up, and which Janet has to study till she is thoroughly mistress of the dates and succession of incidents for the period under consideration. It is then her business to compile from books, with which he supplies her, an abridged account of all the events noted in the table, according to the order of their occurrence. The colonel is exactly the kind of man to reduce all knowledge to a matter of tables, systems, and abridgements. Nothing that exceeds the limits of a book of reference appears to him worthy of acquisition; and I could fancy him giving a "Tabular view of the characters in Shakspeare's plays, forming a key to a condensed edition of his works, in which all the similes are omitted, and every phrase, scene, or allusion, which has no direct reference to the evolution of the story, carefully expunged." In the plentitude of my amiability on this unlucky day, I offered him my assistance in drawing up the parallel tables of the histories of France, England, Spain, and Italy, during the first half of the thirteenth century, on which he was then employed. He seemed greatly pleased at the idea; and I worked for a couple of hours under his direction. When the tea-things were removed in the evening, it appeared that poor Anna was suffering from so violent a headache, that she was unable to take her place at the whist-table, and the colonel, with a vivacity that surprised me, proposed that he and I should adjourn to his study, and finish the business of the morning—a suggestion in which I, of course, readily acquiesced. He seemed quite eager about it; it is amusing how rapidly the primeness and pompousness of a man will evaporate under the influence of a real, downright hobby—for all men have their hobbies, even the prim and the pompous. He lighted a candle himself, and conducted me to his sanctum, moving, however, with the staid dignity which his gout rendered necessary, and which, on the present occasion, seemed more burthensome to him than usual. We there spent half an hour in hunting for authorities, after which we were to return to the drawing-room, to work upon the materials we had obtained. But, alas! my head was full of poor Charles, and my own enterprising determination. Instead of being an assistance to him, I was the greatest possible drawback; I turned over the leaves of a kind of dream, gave every date wrong, fitted the personages of one country into the history of another, violently compelling them to assume the costume of a third, and winding up my description with an abridged account of the arts, manufactures, and literature, of a fourth. The colonel is not a bright man, and his confusion was boundless. "What is your authority," asked he at last, with much politeness, as he held my rough sketch in his hand, "what is your authority for attributing the social state of Spain in the thirteenth century, to the effect of the Norman invasion in the twelfth? You have mentioned it several times, and here, I see, you name 'the Conqueror,' but without designating more particularly the leader of this Norman invasion."

"You have got the sketch of England," cried I, in some perturbation. "No, indeed," he returned, showing me the word *Spain*, in large letters, at the head of the unlucky sheet. "Will you have the goodness to let me look at the volume from which you have drawn up this little account."

In a kind of bewilderment, I handed him Adam's Roman Antiquities, which happened to stand next Rapin, and he spent at least five minutes in knotting through the index with knitted brows, and a face of increasing surprise, before it occurred to him to look at the title. Then his patience did seem a little disturbed, and I even thought I heard him mutter to himself the words, "Confound the Roman Antiquities!" However, he speedily recovered his usual courtesy, and proposed that we should return to the drawing-room, adding with a smile, that he thought I had had work enough for one day. He rose as he spoke, and I felt desperate. It is clear, that I could not have chosen a worse moment for my experiment than this, but some spirit of evil judgment possessed me, and I plunged into the dilemma headforemost, without pausing to consider.

"I wished to speak to you, Colonel Howard," said I, getting extremely hot, and feeling, at the instant, as if I were pronouncing my own sentence of transportation for life.

Standing still in his progress towards the door, he turned towards me with an air of polite interrogation. He said nothing, and I was compelled to proceed, though I felt that it was an abrupt and unpromising beginning.

"I have a great favor to ask—or rather, it is not a favor to me, but to your dear girls—your dear children I should say, and even to yourself." His brow visibly darkened, but, by this time, I had warmed with my subject, and went on fluently. "Ah, my dear brother, it is so grievous that there should be a disunion in your family—now at this joyful time of year, when, as you say yourself, all those who love each other ought to draw the bonds of their affection more closely, and feel that the one great cause for common thankfulness and common humiliation should heal all wounds and reconcile all differences; do not be angry with me for imploring you to forgive poor Charles, and take your son back to your heart again. He is sincerely penitent; that I know—and surely he has suffered long enough, and bitterly enough. If his dear mother were alive, how earnestly would she join my entreaty; for her sake, if for no other reason, grant him your forgiveness, and let us celebrate this Christmas by a happy meeting of the whole happy family."

While I spoke, the expression of my brother-in-law's countenance had changed from boundless astonishment to extreme indignation, and it was only the strong effort which he made to restrain his passion and behave with becoming calmness, which prevented him from bursting in upon me, ere I had concluded. As it was, he did hear me to the end, though I am quite certain, that from the moment in which he became aware of the purport of my speech, he neither listened nor heeded, but was solely employed in subduing his wrath, so as to be able to cut the matter short at once with due dignity, but at the same time with a proper degree of politeness and composure. It was in this spirit that he answered—

"You must pardon me, my good lady, but this interference in family matters is scarcely well judged. I should be very sorry to speak harshly to you, and I am quite sure that you have the best possible intentions. After I have once put it clearly before you, that I am the sole judge of my own conduct, and that your position as a greatly esteemed sister, does not exactly entitle you to direct or advise me in the management of my family, I feel sure that your own good sense will show you that you have been in error, and that delicacy and propriety [illegible] subject to me again. [illegible] last five minutes, and return to our former friendly intercourse as if they had not occurred."

He thought he had done it to perfection. The mixture of authority, gentleness, and resolution, could not have been better contrived to overwhelm me with shame and reduce me to silence. But, as he uttered the last gracious words, and was advancing with a slight and dignified wave of the hand to quit the room, that spiteful little demon who seemed ever on the watch to convert his sublimity into absurdity, caused him to stumble against a footstool, and, in order to save himself from falling, he was obliged to sit down with extreme suddenness on a chair which happened to stand near. As he did so, however, he maintained an air of unconsciousness, though his face flushed a little, and he looked boldly at me, as much as to say, "Will you presume to think for a moment that I did not intend to sit down in this chair?" And now, what can I say for myself? At my age, under my circumstances, with my whole heart full of interest for poor Charles, and indignation against his father, was it not inexcusable that I was unable to restrain my sense of the ludicrousness of this little incident? I could not restrain it, and I laughed aloud, though his eyes were full upon me. No offence could be greater than this. Actually pale with passion, he turned from me, saying in a suppressed tone of voice, "This levity, madam, is wholly unaccountable, unless I am to suppose it a premeditated insult." He struck his hand vehemently and angrily upon his writing-desk as he spoke, and the historical tables flew upwards with a great flap, and put out the candle. The scene was now complete—or rather it attained perfection in the next minute, when my stately and furious brother-in-law, finding himself in the dark, and at an equally great distance from the door and the bell, was literally obliged to solicit the aid of my arm to return to the drawing-room, having twice struck his gouty foot against some obnoxious chair or table, in his attempt to complete the transit unassisted. "Will you have the goodness to give me your arm as far as the hall?" said he, in a short, snappish, sulky tone of voice, as unlike as possible to his usual dignified suavity. I hastened to comply, and happy was it for me that he could not see my face, for, as we cautiously traversed the study floor, and I felt the pressure of his arm upon mine, and knew all the while that he was absolutely boiling over with rage against me, it was all I could do to keep from laughing in his face a second time. Anna's headache was a great comfort to us during the awkward hour and a-half which passed ere we separated for the night. It was a sufficient reason for the profound silence which prevailed. The sufferer lay on the sofa and never spoke; Janet and I sat side by side, engaged with our embroidery, and occasionally conversing in suppressed tones, and my poor brother-in-law leaned back in his easy-chair, and pretended to read. Never was a man so thoroughly confounded and thrown out of his usual mode of action as he was that evening. I suppose such a thing had never occurred to him in his life before, nor had the faintest vision of the possibility of such a thing ever crossed his mind. And he really was quite at a loss, and did not know how to behave under it. This, too, was one of the most annoying facts of his position to him. Under all circumstances that had hitherto befallen him, he had preserved his conscious and elaborate dignity unruffled—whether he were acting the gracious host, the kind father, the stately master, or the severe disciplinarian, he had been decided, self-contemplative, and self-satisfied in all. The bursts of passion to which he had occasionally given way, had frightened those with whom he had to deal, and left him sole master of the field, with his foes flying on every hand. But he now found himself in the situation of the Chinese general, (pardon the anachronism!) who painted his soldiers' faces, and made them clatter shovels and tongs together in order to scare the English—the English did not run away, they stood still and laughed—and the baffled general, not knowing how to make his mode of attack more awful, tore his pigtail for very vexation. My poor brother-in-law! How guilty I felt as I stole from time to time a peep at his flushed and troubled countenance, and perceived clearly that he was quite incapable of attending to the newspaper which he held in his hand, but that his angry and bewildered mind was employed in recapitulating to itself my heinous offence, and musing over the possibility of inflicting adequate punishment. I wished him good night like a culprit, and from the brusque and (to use an unclassical but most expressive word) grumpy manner in which he replied, I know that he had not yet recovered himself. I wonder on what line of conduct he will determine. I should not be much surprised at receiving notice to quit to-morrow morning. And now to bed—but scarcely, I am afraid to sleep. The colonel cannot be more provoked with me than I am with myself, and the recollection of Charles and Adele banishes all disposition to slumber, and seems to put me into a fever.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

Our Portrait Gallery.

ARCHDUKE JOHN, REGENT OF GERMANY

We lay before our readers this week, a portrait of the Archduke John, the regent or sovereign of the newly-established German Empire. The Archduke is represented as being a very noble, and high-spirited man—long popular with the people, and unpopular with the Austrian nobility, for his liberal opinions. Mr. Hall, an English traveller, visited him at his residence in Styria, in 1834, and thus describes him:

"After toiling and panting up what seemed more like a flight of steep steps than a walk, we were received at the top by the Archduke John himself, who, without his hat, had run out to meet and welcome us. There was so much natural courtesy in his manner, that we felt quite at home with him in a moment.

"His Imperial Highness is a very pleasing person, about fifty-five years of age, with a fine high bald forehead, and an expression of quietness and repose, bordering on melancholy, in his countenance, which is singularly engaging. His conversation and manners, too, are so untouched by the slightest shade of affectation, and withal so cordial, that every one must feel at ease in his presence."

His marriage, however, is the most romantic part of his history. "Always on the wing in some part of Styria, he arrived late one evening at the beautiful little village of Aussee, on the lake of the same name, and requested post horses and postilion to proceed immediately on his journey. Perfectly unexpected, and there was no postilion to be found. The poor Postmaster was in a dilemma; it was a neglect of duty to have no postilion at a post station, and what was to be done? One of his daughters, who was known to the neighborhood on account of her energy and business activity, as 'Postmaster Nanni,' a pretty mountain-lass of eighteen—volunteered her services to rescue her father from his difficulty, and go disguised as postilion with the Archduke. She started off, driving outside, handling the reins and blowing the postilion's horn among the mountains with all the dexterity of one fully initiated. On arriving at the station, the Archduke praised her speed and care in the darkness of the night, and, placing a few silver pieces in her hand, departed. The adventure of the 'Postmaster Nanni' with the Archduke soon became noised about in Aussee, and reached his ears; he doubted, and passing through the village shortly afterwards, inquired for the postilion; Nanni was introduced to him; he was struck with her beauty unadorned, and intelligence, and determined to educate her.

"A longer acquaintance ripened into love, and he honorably offered his hand and heart; his love was returned: but how could an Archduke marry the 'Postmaster Nanni?' This juvenile caper came to the ears of his eldest brother, the Emperor Francis, who raved and foamed at the degradation of his brother John, and his total destitution and sense of propriety, forbade the bans, and banished the Archduke from the Court. But love laughs at Emperors as well as locksmiths, and 'Postmaster Nanni' accompanied the Archduke to the Styrian mountains as the 'Housekeeper Nanni,' and remained with this title until the death of Francis. They were then lawfully married, and Nanni assumed the title of Baroness of Brandhoff. From the day of their acquaintance until the present time, they have lived in the most perfect domestic harmony. The Baroness Brandhoff is daily expected at Vienna, and for the first time, apartments are being prepared for her in the Palace, as she has never been admitted to Court, and always occupied a private residence on her visits to the capital. The 'Postmaster Nanni' will shortly take up her residence in Frankfort, to consort with the Queens and [illegible] following anecdote was told to Mr. Hall, by the Archduke. It is peculiarly appropriate at this time, when the California Gold fever is raging:

"There is a tradition," said he, "of very long standing amongst our miners here which speaks to this point. When the barbarians from the regions north of the Danube drove the Romans from this province of Styria, then called Noricum, the Genius of the Mountains, willing to do the new inhabitants a favor, appeared to the conquerors, and said—'Take your choice: will you have gold mines for a year? silver for twenty years? or iron for ever?' Our wise ancestors, who had just begun to learn the true relative value of the precious metals, by ascertaining practically that their rude swords were an over match for all the wealth of the Romans, at once decided to accept iron for ever."

For the Romantic.

DASEE LEWELLYN'S WISH;

Or, Romance and Reality.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

"Oh, father! how delightful it would be if you were an outlaw, or a rebel, or something of that sort; then I might be like Ellen, in the Lady of the Lake: there would be danger and excitement, and daily sacrifices to make for you! Nay, if you were but an old blind harper, papa, I would be content! Leading you over the hills, as in the olden days of chivalry; in lighted halls and Beauty's bowers to be welcomed everywhere."

Such was the observation made one day by young Dasee Lewellyn, the daughter of a Welsh squire, and my very intimate, though eccentric friend—a compound, as I sometimes thought her, of Die Vernon and Anne of Geierstein. I was at the time on a visit to Swan Pool, the picturesque residence of Squire Lewellyn, and though Dasee had often amused me with her flashes of sentiment, I felt that her present wish to see her father either a rebel or a beggar was rather too romantic.

"Thank you, my darling: I am much obliged to you," said the squire; "but as we *are* already welcomed by our neighbors most heartily, whenever we go amongst them, I much prefer the convenience of a comfortable carriage, with the inestimable blessing of eyesight, to toiling on foot afflicted and wayworn."

"But," vehemently urged his daughter, "then we should be welcomed for the sake of genius and the love of art; now it is because you are the Squire of Swan Pool, and I your heiress, and that we give good dinners in return, and a ball at Christmas!"

"Don't talk any more nonsense, Dasee," answered her father impatiently. "I like sentiment well enough, but not sentiment run mad, as yours seems to be. Why don't you take a lesson in common sense from your friend, Miss ——, there;" pointing to me as he said so. "However, we need not say any more about that just now.—So come and kiss me, like a good, sensible girl, and tell me what you think of Mr. Smith, our new pastor?"

"Why," said the "good, sensible girl," "he is a great deal too fat and ruddy for a clergyman, and too young and happy-looking. What with his common-place name, and common-place appearance, I can't bear him."

"But, my dear," added Dame Winny, the Squire's sister and housekeeper, "a good young pastor, well and conscientiously performing his manifold duties, *ought* to look happy, if a quiet conscience and peace of mind can give happiness; and as to being ruddy and robust, what fault is that of his? I am sure he is a most excellent young man, and we are very fortunate in having such a successor to our lamented Mr. Morgan."

"I should think we were much more fortunate," saucily rejoined the foolish, heedless Dasee, "if Mr. Smith had been a Mr. anything else, and a pale, interesting, miserable-looking person, whom it would have made me weep to listen to, thinking of the sad tale that doubtless formed his history."

"Mighty grand nonsense! [illegible] thee, thou foolish Dasee!" [illegible] "But if thou art so full of folly, depend upon it that Mr. Smith will never think of thee."

"Mr. Smith think of *me*, indeed!" indignantly exclaimed the heiress: "I would not have him, even if he grew pale, and thin, and elegant to-morrow!"

On my *second* visit to Swan Pool, Dasee herself reminded me of these words, and also of the following incident, which took place in the church-yard.—

This burial-ground was situated on a hill-side, facing the lake; ancient trees spread their branches above the grassy mounds, many of which were ornamented with beautiful flowering plants, placed there by the hand of affection, and carefully tended, for the Welsh peasant attaches peculiar interest to these sweet memorials of the departed. It was evening time, and all was hushed around as Dasee Lewellyn and myself sat down to rest on a projecting stone. A woman, clad in mourning garb, entered the church-yard, and, not seeing us, presently knelt down by the side of a newly made grave, on which the flowers but lately planted, were struggling to regain elasticity and strength. We saw her tie them up, and pluck off the faded leaves; we heard her deep sobs, and her fervent ejaculations reached our ears. Dasee was very pale, silent and thoughtful, looking on the mourner with deep interest and absorbing attention; and when at length the poor woman left the burial-place, she arose and sought the new-made grave, with clasped hands and an earnest manner, softly exclaiming, "Oh, I wish that I too had a grave to tend!"

Admonition, warning, or reproof was alike useless. We silently left the spot, nor exchanged a word till within the warm cheerful rooms of the old house once more. We found the Squire and Dame Winny busily engaged with a disputation at cribbage; but I fancied I guessed Dasee's feelings as she sprang into the arms of those dear ones embracing them again and again with unwonted demonstrations of affection even for her, warm and affectionate as she ever was. Her heart perhaps smote her, but the idle words could not be recalled.

Our sojourn in the pleasant Welsh valley at length terminated; and many years passed away, bringing changes to us all, while still at intervals of time we continued to receive tidings of our valued friends at Swan Pool.

Dasee's letters were piquant and artless productions, but affording subjects for serious contemplation, as marking the gradual change of disposition wrought by time, change of circumstances, and the development of feelings which had hitherto lain dormant.

With heartfelt sorrow we heard from Dame Winny of the worthy Squire's affliction—namely, that he had become a palsied, sightless old man; but then Dame Winny spoke of "Niece Dasee's beautiful demeanor and dutiful love towards her father;" and we shrewdly opined also that the reverend gentleman of "the ruddy countenance and odious name" was beginning to find favor with the heiress. She herself wrote to us of his many amiable qualities, of his assiduous attentions towards her poor father, who, from his past habits and pursuits, most bitterly felt his present deplorable condition, so that, when the final news reached us of her princely patronymic being lost forever in the common-place one of "Smith," we were not much astonished.

After this event our correspondence became irregular. *Our* wanderings, vicissitudes, and sorrows, and *her* increasing family, accounted for this; while dear Dame Winny had so much upon her hands, so many calls on her time and attention that writing, which had always been a laborious task to her, now became an almost impossible one.

Destiny, however, conducted us once more to Lewellyn's home; and at the period of our second visit to Swan Pool, when we gained the summit of the hill, and gazed down on the valley beneath, it might have seemed as if the summer-time of our *first* visit had come again, only that the summer of the heart had departed, and many wintry blasts impressed reality too vividly for fancy to hold its sway. All was unchanged without: there reposed the sparkling lake, over which Dasee used to skim in her fairy shallop, the ancient trees, the mountains, the old house, and the church spire rising amidst the dark foliage; all were there as in the days of yore! As we passed the burial-ground on the hillside, an impulse which I could not resist impelled me to alight and to enter the sacred precincts alone. How many new graves there were; how many brilliant flowers clustering around them, as the last rays of the setting sun illuminated the rainbow tints; thus telling of glory for the departed, and whispering hope to the survivors, seeming to say, "I shall rise again to-morrow; the flowers will bloom another and another summer; and the inmates of these quiet graves are not dead, but sleeping!"

I was aroused from a deep reverie, into which I had fallen by the soft sound of infancy's sweet engaging prattle; and on looking up, I saw a gentby lady, with two fair children, standing beside two little grassy mounds, and answering their questions in an earnest, impressive, and tender manner. That voice—I knew it at once! But how could I recognize the identity of the [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] when I called her "Miss Dame," and she [illegible] her eyes to the [illegible] of her [illegible]; [illegible] better things.

The little children heartily [illegible] my [illegible]; their gentle [illegible]; and they looked [illegible], holding by their mother's hands with troubled brow, as she pointed to the graves beside her, turning towards me a glance which I well understood, for the same remembrance flashed simultaneously on our minds.

"You do not forget; ah! I see you do not," she whispered, "those thoughtless words once spoken here, when I heedlessly exclaimed, 'I wish that I too had a grave to tend!' Am I not answered? For here sleeps my first-born, and by his side a golden-haired cherub babe—a second Dame!"

She meekly bowed her head; and silence was the only and the best sympathy I could offer, as we slowly approached the old gabled house—the beloved home of her early years, the scene of so many wild exploits.

I have already said that without all remained unchanged; within, the same, but oh how altered!

The white-headed Squire was gently led about, not by his daughter—she had other pressing duties to attend to—but by his grand-daughter, Winny Smith; and if Winny Smith's papa had been fat and ruddy on our former visit to Swan Pool, what was he now!—while of his hilarity and happiness there could be no doubt: it was perfectly heartfelt and decided. Dame Winny, too, was as active, as kind, as fidgetty, and talkative as ever; but withered and shrunken, and slightly deaf (only slightly, she said); going about with a tall silver-headed stick, thumping loudly up and down the stairs and passages, ever giving warning of the dear old lady's approach unknown to herself.

There were so many tiny Smiths running about, that it seemed unlikely there was any real danger of their being individually spoiled by grand-papa or Aunt Winny. We observed that they all wore black ribbons, and that Dame also was attired in mourning, thus giving notice of a recent loss; we found, on inquiry, that she had not long buried the second child she had lost—her eldest born, a promising boy of seven years old, had been taken from her a few years previously, and she had mourned his loss nearly to the death; but this last bereavement found the mother calm and resigned, prepared to render back the priceless treasure unto Him who gave it.

Many visits in company together Dame and myself paid to the burial-ground, on the hill-side, with her pretty children frolicking around us; and I believe, were the usual tenor of our conversations analyzed, and the pith of the matter extracted, the condensation would be comprised in a small space, the following quotation of few words amply expressing our voluminous reminiscences—"Experience is the best of schoolmasters, only the school-fees are heavy."

Our Correspondents

A PARIS ROMANCE.

[We have received from a gentleman now in Paris, a letter containing the following account of a rather romantic incident which fell under his own observation:]

AN INCIDENT OF THE INSURRECTION OF JUNE, IN PARIS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In the afternoon of the first day of the insurrection, Friday, June 23rd, about an hour before the cannonading commenced upon a certain barricade in the *quartier St. Jacques*, curiosity led me to try to pass down a street running at right angles into the one in which the barricade was, and which, could I have passed it, would have brought me immediately between the barricade and the place where the military force, composed in a good measure of artillery, was placed. But I knew nothing of this then. The street at the end running into the barricaded one was guarded by four young National Guards, apparently students. Their orders had, they said, been explicit, *to let no one pass*. Having determined to go into *St. Jacques* by that street, I was somewhat vexed when I was so firmly refused permission to pass; I talked with the Guards; told them how ridiculous it was to stop me; that I could as well pass that way, as go back to the next street, as they suggested. I asked whether that, if I lived next door, upon the barricaded street, they would pretend to stop me. They said they should not pretend to prevent me going through the houses, or by any other way, to [illegible] sion from their superior officer. In turning away I saw a Lieutenant of the National Guard coming down, when I, together with nearly a dozen more, who, thinking to pass there had been stopped, went up to him for his permission that we might pass, but he seemed in a hurry, and was pushing on when he in turn was stopped by "where are you going?" from one of the Guards. "To join my company, down there," answered he; but the same "you can't pass, sir," was given him, and he turned quickly back, to join his company by another way.

This looked too much like obeying orders for me to hope to get any further in that direction, when a Lieutenant of another company was stopped, and forced to turn back, and as I was only prompted by curiosity to go at all, I was about turning back again, when I saw, coming down the street, a neatly dressed and very pretty young woman, whereupon I concluded to stop and see with what success she met. As soon as the young Guards saw what was in the wind, they appeared moved. It was evident they dreaded the contest into which they had good reason to expect they would be forced. They might muster courage enough to resist a goodly band of insurgents, but a pair of bright eyes, rosy cheeks, and ruby lips, were very different things; but to their honor be it said, when the shock did come, they proved themselves equal to their duty.

The young Mademoiselle seeing none but citizen soldiers, and they, too, of a very peculiar sort, and probably not knowing the passage was barred, was walking past, without the least ceremony, when the first, and as it happened, luckily or unluckily, I can't say which, the best looking of the young men, put his gun out before her and said, with the greatest possible politeness, "it is not permitted to pass, Mademoiselle." Upon this a battery of sharp yet playful words,—for who would say any worse could come from so pretty a mouth—and bright glances were opened upon the poor fellow, but to no effect; the Guard persisted that no one could pass. "But," said the young lady, "I live in that street." "What number?" asked the Guard, with some eagerness. She told him. "I am very sorry it is so, Mademoiselle, but I cannot permit you to pass," said her antagonist, "we have had orders to let *no one pass*, and those orders must be obeyed."

The lady then tried to pass, but the Guard was too strong for her, though perhaps the knowledge that she was dealing with a soldier on duty, might have prevented her from laying out all her strength; she was a woman, and women are weak and frail, unless nerved up by uncommon circumstances, so she could have accomplished nothing had she had only this one Guard to oppose her.

It was evident, matters with these two persons were becoming worse very fast. The Guard felt himself in a perplexing predicament, and wished to make an end of it, and the lady was getting quite excited, and well she might, for she was within a stone's throw of home; so the young citizen soldier said, in a half playful, half serious tone, "now hear me, my pretty little lass, I say once for all you cannot pass." Then came a whole broadside of cutting words, and as fierce glances as those beautiful eyes could dart, all of which, however, the young man resisted bravely; seeing which, the unfortunate young lady suddenly changed her manner of attack, and commenced a kind of teasing coquetry. She raised her pretty foot, and kicked at the man of war, but he stepped one side, and the foot passed him, if the person could not. She then clenched her delicate hand and aimed a blow, a very mild one though, at his stubborn head, but he bowed it and missed the blow, but still remained obdurate and unrelenting. The maiden seeing this could restrain herself no longer, and burst into tears. But tears, though they had run in floods down that beautiful face, could have availed nothing, for the man who saw them was a veritable *citizen*, a true republican, and though in the full prime and vigor of youthful manhood, placed duty first and foremost upon his code of action. Duty before gallantry. A strange sight, and an unnerving one, too, was that, to see so beautiful a damsel with her bright black eyes filled with tears, beseeching a young man to let her pass him, that she might get home, to quiet the fears of an invalid mother in such a time as that, when brothers were fighting against brothers in the streets and houses, and from opposite windows, and to see him sternly refuse the tear-supported petition!

The lady becoming almost desperate, said she would go, and to that end stepped quickly past the Guard and was hurrying on home, but the young man was not to be beaten thus, as quick as thought he placed his gun across her breast, and said, in a stern and determined voice, and with the everlasting *nous vous dis*—of the French, said, "Mademoiselle, I say you *shall not pass*." This was enough, and she turned and went weeping away.

I and my disappointed companions followed her, for we saw there was no prospect for us staying there. We had gone but a few paces, before boom, boom, boom, went the hoarse-mouthed cannon, and crash, crash, crash, went window glass and shutters and missiles upon the walls within and barricades of [illegible]. It was so sudden that for a moment I was somewhat disconcerted, and when I looked down the street the smoke from the fire of the two parties having [illegible] at the barricade [illegible] [illegible] the troops.

Here then was the mystery cleared up. Here was the cause of the extreme and [illegible] observance of orders. First, they did not know when the attack would be made, and wished the street kept clear of people, and secondly, they, by refusing all permission to pass, cut off reinforcements to the insurgents from that direction. I make no doubt that the young woman, when she saw the dangers to which she would have been exposed had she been permitted to pass, thought, that at bottom, the conduct of the young Guard was not so rude and unkind after all.

The strife thus commenced, continued for four days, and at last ended, as we all know, in the triumph of social order and the laws.

The Insurrection was a bold attempt at the destruction of the ties of society, the ties that bind families together and insure to them that sweet communion and consolation to be found clustering around the family fireside. It was a bold attempt at the breaking down of the rewards of persevering industry and frugality and care. It was a war of factious and ambitious men, who led on a band of poor, deluded, starving workmen, and held out to them as reward for their toil and blood, the well-stored larders, and sumptuous apartments, and heavy purses, aye, and the blooming daughters of the rich and hated bourgeoisie? It was meant by the insurgents to be a war of annihilation, a re-enaction of the tragedy of '93. It was a war commanded by a party whose flag and escutcheon was to be dyed in blood, as emblem and device of the red republic they wished to establish.

But that strife is ended. The insurgents are prisoners, and some of them have already received their sentence, and have taken their departure for other and new homes. But there is another strife less easy to subdue, another war less easy to conclude. It is the war of feelings, of animosities, of hate, and now when all is quiet and calm, and Paris is guarded by tens upon tens of thousands of armed men, there is reason to fear there rankles in the hearts and spirits of its inhabitants, thoughts and longings for vengeance and for blood.

Society is diseased, and can only be made sound by the clean cutting away of the unhealthy part, the clean out-rooting of those doctrines which say property is a theft, society a farce, and the family ties mere privileges!

But to return to our true and faithful Guard and his pretty victim. Nine weeks after the rencontre above described, as I was walking past the Church of *St. Etienne-du-Mont*, situated near the Pantheon, my attention was attracted to the Church by an unusual number of carriages standing before it. This Church, an old monument of the middle ages, in which are the tombs of Pascal, Racine, Rollin, and other celebrated men, was turned into a fort by the insurgents, and was considerably battered by cannon and musket balls. As I wished to see if the many fine paintings and statues had been injured, and wished also to see what and who the carriages were waiting for, I entered and was happy to find the interior had fared better in the strife, than the exterior. The carriages were waiting for a wedding party, and as I entered the robed Priest was joining together a man and a woman in holy wedlock—a sign that socialists were not in power—but what was my surprise, when I saw the faces of the parties most immediately concerned. The happy bridegroom was the very Guard of the 23rd of June, and his blushing and beautiful bride was no less a person than she whose tears and entreaties and prayers, he had on that occasion so obstinately disregarded. After their departure I inquired of a Church officer who and what the parties were. He placed in my hands a paper, from which I learned that the husband was an advocate, and his wife the daughter of a rich city proprietor.

This happy end of so stormy a beginning, shows among other things, the cause of his eagerness to learn the number of the residence of the lady which she, thinking only of getting home, so frankly gave him, and which, it seems, he so faithfully remembered, and promptly profited by, to, it is to be hoped, the final happiness of all concerned.

O. Y.

Miscellaneous.

A GREAT TRAVELLER.

The following is a *good hit* at the silly practice so prevalent in this country, of giving to new towns and villages, the names which have for many centuries been applied to distinguished places in Europe or Asia.

"It was almost night when the steamboat left the dock, and soon as it grew dark, our travellers went, and to enjoy the novelty of being afloat in the night. While they were leaning over the railing, making their remarks on every thing that struck them as being curious, a stranger approached them with a segar in his mouth, and after listening to their conversation a few moments, he ventured to address them.

"Charming evening, gentlemen," said the stranger.

"Yes, sir, it is very lovely," replied Jeremiah; "I was just remarking to my young friend here, that the solemn grandeur of the scene was very impressive."

"Upon my soul," said the stranger, "I was just thinking that very thing myself; what a liquid appearance the water has!"

"Very," replied Jeremiah; "it is a pleasant thing to travel where there is such a constant succession of new and surprising scenes, that one has hardly time to dwell upon his own bad feelings."

"Yes," replied the stranger; "but I have got sick of it, and I am now going home to settle down quietly on my own farm, where I can eat my own eggs and drink my own cider."

"Ah! there's a pleasure in that, too," said Jeremiah. "Pray, have you travelled much?"

"Not much," said the stranger; "I have been as far as Rome, and once I was so far from home as Batavia. I have got a sister married at Vienna, which I go to see once a year; and once in a great while I go to see my uncle, in Pekin."

"You must have been a very great traveller," said Jeremiah.

"I don't call that nothing at all," said the stranger; "I mean to go to Niagara next fall."

"How long since you were in Batavia?" asked Jeremiah.

"Only last spring," replied the stranger.

"Our house has some correspondents in Batavia," said Jeremiah; "we received a large consignment from them last week. I suppose you know the firm of Guttstiver & Grumtwitchel?"

"No, I can say I did," said the stranger. "I thought I knowed all the merchants in that place, too. Have they been long in business?"

"Oh, it is a very old house," replied Jeremiah; "our firm have been in correspondence with them for a great many years. And pray what is the quality of the coffee there?" said Jeremiah.

"The worst stuff I ever swallowed in my life! —nothing like so good as you get at the Eagle, in Palmyra. I would as soon drink the water out of the Grand Canawl," replied the stranger, with some warmth.

"Your account does not agree with my impressions at all," said Jeremiah; "I thought the coffee was very fine."

"All humbug!" said the stranger, "it is not worth that!"

"Palmyra must be a very interesting spot," said Jeremiah.

"So-so," said the stranger; "the fact is, it was built up too suddenly. Folks said 'twas a very flourishing place, and so 'twas; but 'twas *all* flourish; and now it's going down hill fast enough."

"Perhaps its rise was too sudden," replied Jeremiah, "but it was always a matter of wonder to me how such a city ever sprung up at all in such a place."

"It is no wonder at all to me," said the stranger; "it was all done by speculators."

"Not unlikely," replied Jeremiah; "human nature has doubtless been the same in all ages; and I suppose there were speculators even among the Palmyrenes."

The stranger now perceived that his segar had gone out while he had been talking to our travellers, and he left them to get a light."

MY BOY IN THE COUNTRY.

Methinks I see his round head's silky crop,
    Like a white thistle's top;
Or note him walk, with legs stretched wide apart,
    Dragging a small red cart,
His slender treble chirping out in play
    With "O! go 'way!"
Or where the limpid eddies twirl the sand
    I see him stand,
To plump the rounded pebbles in the brook,
    With steadfast look!
While his wee waggling head, with nothing on it
    But a sun-bonnet,
Looks like the picture of a Capuchin
    A round frame in.
Now with his tender fist he rubs his eye,
    "Plague take that fly!"
Or hovering fancies clasp a sudden vein
    On some sub-treasurer moscheto;
While he lies sleeping in his shaded crib,
    Sans stockings, bib,
His toes curled up so sweet that you could eat 'em,
    How could I beat him?
How lay a finger on that soft brown skin,
With many a blue vein interspersed therein?

☞ A modern poet thus subscribes his mind in a vein of peculiar sentiment:

"The fallen Leaf and Whistling Wind
Pro Deus in me sensitive Mind,
Elicit eye Knot in Words I pause,
But missy strong New Er The Loss!"

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1848.

REMOVAL.

Our subscribers will please take notice that we have removed the office of the Post, from No. 66 Chesnut Street, to No. 66 South Third Street, four doors below the Girard Bank. Our office is in the *second story*, above that of the North American.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show *our Prospectus* to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that the postage *is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for a club, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. B. D. "A Shrub" is quite prettily written, but we would suggest to the authoress, that it is rather deficient in stamina. We mean, that what is told is quite prettily told, but when the reader gets to the end of it, he feels that he has not, to use a common phrase, got quite "the worth of his money." The matter, and not the manner, is the main thing after all. Let no one sit down to write without being firmly assured in his or her own mind, that he or she has something to say. We do not mean to apply *all* this to G. B. D. Our thought branched out in this direction, and we thought it would apply to others in its fulness, and to her in a degree.

DEATH. We do not think this poem equal to the general productions of the author.

SONG OF THE PEROTE PRISONERS. Parts of this poem are very well versified, for instance the opening verse:

"We'll mount our nimble steeds again,
  And ere to-morrow morn,
Will sound on Orizaba's hills,
  The bandit's bugle horn.

But really we do not consider it any compliment to the Perote prisoners, to call them *bandits*, and we are afraid to allow our friend to venture in our columns, on such a hazardous experiment—besides some of his verses go off but haltingly.

DECLINED. "The Girl Watching the Star," "The Mendicant," "Farewell to my Harp," "A Reminiscence," "Never Grieve," "Leaves From My Scrap Book," "I love but thee alone"—all of these articles have merit, but they are hardly up to our standard. Many are the pieces we receive, that would be accepted gratefully, were it not for one or two fatal blemishes.

BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA. "Adolphus" has furnished us with a poem on this great battle, patterned after Campbell's "Hohenlinden." We quote the opening verses:

"On Buena Vista's battle ground,
No arrow, shield, or dart was found,
The dead that strewed the field around,
  Owed death to no such enginery.

But there was bullet, ball and shell,
On warriors' heads they thickly fell,
The tale is horrible to tell
  Of dark and bloody scenery.

* * * * * *

For friends and foes lay scattered there,
With cries and groans they filled the air,
The wounded put to surgeon's care,
  The dead were buried honorably.

The author ought to have stopped here, having got the dead honorably buried—his other verses are more commonplace, and we therefore respectfully decline them.

"Adolphus" also furnishes us with some lines on "Agriculture as it used to be." He says:

"I always loved those days of yore
When people had but little lore,
When every man his friend would greet,
If he should meet him in the street—"

(Does Adolphus mean to insinuate that in these "degenerate days" men will not even greet their "*friends*" when they meet them? If so, things have

"And neighbors had not learned to cheat,
Nor one his brother's plans defeat,
Nor serpents give instead of meat."

Where was "Adolphus" when that famous "Snake question" was being discussed? His testimony as to the fact of snakes being used for food, in his neighborhood, would have been invaluable.

The following, showing how in the old times, they used to thresh and clean wheat, is quite instructive:

"The way in which the grain was threshed,
The sheaves upon a yard were dashed,
Then nicely laid with sheaves on sheaves,
As thick as Autumn's falling leaves,
Here ranged around with heads inclined
Between two circles well defined.
Then horses round and round were driven
From early morn till late at even.
'Twas years ago, four-score and ten,—
Who ever saw a wheat fan then?
The wheat upon a sheet was lain,
Both ends were jerked with might and main,
Up flew the wheat, out blew the chaff,
Thus wheat was cleaned by long repeat."

THE EUROPEAN WORLD.

Since our last, two steamships, the Hermann and the Cambria, have arrived from Europe—the latter bringing Liverpool dates to the 23rd of September.

As the state of the Markets perhaps comes nearer home to the business, if not the bosoms, of our readers than anything else, we may state, in the first place, that the business done in the cotton market has not been very animated—prices remain the same, with the exception of fair Orleans and Mobile, which are quoted ⅛d. lower. The market for breadstuffs has been firmer, though this arises in part from the easterly winds having kept out supplies. Indian corn was quoted at 35 to 37s.; corn meal 19s.; sweet flour 32 to 33s. 6d.; wheat 8s. to 9s. per 70 lbs. The duty on wheat is now 4s. per quarter, and on flour 2s. 6d. per bbl. So much for the markets—necessary evils in this beef and plum-pudding world.

The state of Ireland is perhaps the next subject of interest at the present time, with the majority of readers. The belief entertained by some that the rebellion had at length broken out in reality, is without foundation. Still, it is acknowledged by the English papers, that the neighborhood of Carrick on Suir is still much disturbed; that the insurgents occupy formidable locations upon the mountains; that signal fires are lighted every night, and that the utmost vigilance of the military and police has failed to crush the display. In one word, Ireland is discontented, deeply discontented, as a half starved people may well be excused for being—but "on the side of the oppressor there is power," the power of wealth, of education, of long established wrong, which is only second to long established *right*, and the people see no reasonable chance of success at present, in a contest with their giant adversary. But as sure as a time shall ever come when England shall be engaged with a mighty antagonist, and shall need all her powers for her own preservation, just that sure will Ireland either declare her independence, or else demand and receive her native parliament, and the full measure of her rights as a *sister* and not a subject kingdom.

The intelligence from France looks gloomy through the medium of the English press. The Paris correspondent of the London Globe, under the date of Sep. 21st, says:

It is almost impossible to describe the gloom which has gone over the public mind here. Every body seems to think that Cavaignac and the National Assembly will find it impossible to establish the Republic, and yet nobody knows how it can be got rid of without a conflict, in which none of the friends of order are willing to engage. If it is to be overthrown it will probably be by some sudden event, probably a military conspiracy.

The intentions of Cavaignac are believed to be excellent, and such a Republic as he would give us, the enlightened men of the country would willingly accept, but they have not the energy required to second his efforts. The great obstacle in the way of the Republic is the peasantry. The men who proclaimed the Republic, in obedience to the orders of some fifteen to twenty thousand of the populace of Paris, forgot that, although they might get up a good deal of enthusiasm in the city, and in a few of the large towns of the provinces, the agricultural population, who are by far the most numerous, must be consulted last. The farmer has had 4 per cent. more to pay in taxes, and the farmer's man has his wages reduced to enable his employer to pay the taxes. Put your hand into his pocket and drain out his earnings to pay for the Republic, and see whether he will support it?

This looks gloomy enough, but we must remember that the prejudices of the English papers and their correspondents, are all in favor of monarchy. For the success of a French Republic, is the ultimate downfall of every throne in Europe. And yet, notwithstanding the love of monarchy of the middle and higher classes of England, we think the great majority of them would rather see France peaceful and prosperous, even with a republic, than given over a prey to violence and confusion. Even the lower instincts of trade would lead them to desire this, putting entirely out of the question, which we are far from doing, the many noble qualities which unite with various ignoble ones, to make up that singular compound, a real John Bull.

Cavaignac's influence is also said to be declining. We do not wonder at this; he has never seemed to us the man for more than "the hour." Who is? We wish somebody would tell us and the French nation.

Is Louis Napoleon? Not without he has been most grossly and cruelly maligned. And yet France seems to be settling for the moment upon him, buoyed thereto as it seems, more by the old love for the great name which he bears, than because he has shown an ability and nerve like his, who almost won against Europe and Fate, the bloody Waterloo.

Yes, France seems willing to try Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, and see if he can bring her peace. At the recent election in Paris of three representatives to fill vacancies in the National Assembly, Louis Napoleon received 110,752 votes, nearly 30,000 more than the next highest candidate. Louis Napoleon, Fould, and Raspail were elected. Fould is a moderate, Raspail, we believe, a *red* republican. The votes of the troops, and of the veteran inmates of the *Hotel des Invalides*, those who followed the great Napoleon through so many fields of carnage, heaped with corses, marshy with blood, were given almost unanimously for his nephew. Strange how these men loved Napoleon—how they still worship his memory. It makes us think of Miss Barrett's famous lines—(she was Miss Barrett then, and never shall be Mrs. Browning to us, until she writes something equally splendid.) Hear them:

"I do not praise this man; the man was flawed,
For Adam—much more, Christ!—his knee unbowed,
His hand, unclean—his aspiration, pent
Within a sword-sweep—pshaw!—but since he had
The genius *to be loved*, why let him have
The justice to be honored in his grave."

Now let us glance for one moment more at these votes of the old veterans of Napoleon. Look at them:

Louis Napoleon,	3,081	Adj't. Dupont Thomas,	373
Ney de la Moskwa,	380	E. de Girardin,	350
Dumoulin, (formerly aid de camp of Napoleon,)	454	General Piat,	349
		Marshal Bugeaud,	307

Louis Napoleon, Ney de la Moskwa, Dumoulin (formerly aid de camp of Napoleon), how these names call up the history of the past!—that history over which the boy holds his breath, while his cheeks brighten and fade, and his eye flashes and grows dim, as he traces its marvellous page from the conquered Alps, over the bridge of Lodi, until his heart grows cold amid the snow-covered wastes and icy waters of unconquered Russia.

At the last accounts Paris was very much excited, the people being in daily expectation of the arrival of Louis Napoleon, to take his seat. It seems to be generally admitted that no opposition will be made to his doing so, this time. It were madness to do so—especially if he be as little gifted as is commonly supposed. There seemed some probability of an attempt being made to get up a disturbance upon his arrival, but it will probably not be very serious. The chances of the Prince being elected President seem to be very good, and with that honor he would doubtless be satisfied, nor run the risk of the guillotine for the sake of that paltry bauble, a crown.

Vienna has been declared in a state of siege. It is reported that the Emperor of Austria would again be forced to seek safety in flight. The latest advices say that that city still continues in a most distracted state.

Peace between Denmark and the German Confederation is rendered almost certain, by the Frankfort Diet having ratified the armistice.

There has been a sanguinary outbreak at Frankfort. Upward of thirty barricades were erected throughout the city and defended with desperate courage by the people. The revolt had not been effectually suppressed at the date of the last accounts. The loss of life was considerable.

In northern Italy, notwithstanding the accepted intervention of France and England, a resumption of hostilities was expected.

Poor Sicily! After Messina had been bombarded for five days by the Neapolitan troops, it surrendered. The inhabitants retired, having previously ruined the town as much as possible. It is said that France will oppose any further attempt to subjugate Sicily. This seems doubtful.

ROMANTIC.

In looking over a volume of poetry by American poetesses, recently published by Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston of this city, and which is noticed in our list of new publications, we came across the following piece of romance in relation to Mrs. Lydia Jane Peirson, a lady favorably known for her poetical powers, and an old contributor to the Post. It appears that, at the age of seventeen, Mrs. Peirson (then Miss Wheeler, of Canandaigua, N. Y.,) married, and two years after removed with her husband to Liberty, Tioga county, then one of the wildest portions of Pennsylvania. For a long time her dwelling place was a log cabin, five miles from any house, and twenty from any village where there was a store or house for public worship. Her privations and inconveniences were many, and "converse with poetry, wild-flowers, and singing birds, was nearly all that made life endurable." She is still a dweller of the forest, but has exchanged the log hut for a beautiful farm in the midst of those dense [illegible] related to "Caroline May," editor of the volume above mentioned, by Hon. Ellis Lewis, of Lancaster; and which is highly honorable to the character for generosity of a distinguished citizen of this State.

"A number of years ago, when the best talents of Pennsylvania were called into requisition to establish a system of common schools for the general education of the people, Thaddeus Stevens made a masterly speech in the Legislature in favor of education. Judge Ellis Lewis was at the time President of several literary institutions, and zealously engaged in promoting the cause of education by literary and scientific lectures. About this time a powerful production in poetry, in favor of education, made its appearance and gave a new impetus to the cause. Judge Lewis made immediate inquiry concerning the writer of it; and ascertained that, owing to a long and sad train of misfortunes, the fair authoress, with a large family, was without a home, and in a state of great pecuniary embarrassment. He soon after met Mr. Stevens, then a rich bachelor, in the Chamber of the House of Representatives, and suggested the propriety of raising something for the relief of so much talent and worth. Mr. Stevens reflected upon it, and then authorized the Judge to purchase a suitable farm, such as the lady herself might select, and without any limit in respect to the price, to draw upon him for the amount. The lady naturally was overwhelmed with astonishment when she received a letter from Judge Lewis, who was only known to her by reputation, apprising her of his commission. She however, made the selection, and the Judge made the purchase, and forwarded to Mrs. Peirson the deed drawn to Thaddeus Stevens, in trust for the separate use of Lydia Jane Peirson, and her heirs and assigns forever. Mrs. Pierson was an entire stranger to both gentlemen. Neither had ever seen her."

HOAXES.

We have spoken several times in condemnation of the silly practice of hoaxing, which of late has become so common. One of the last hoaxes was the following, which is well calculated to deceive, and will probably go the rounds of the English tory papers, and be translated from them into those of the leading European nations, as an evidence of American barbarity:

BEAUTY OF HANGING.—The New Orleans Daily Chronicle says that last Tuesday the sentence of the law was privately carried into effect in the police jail of the Third Municipality. The culprit (who committed a brutal assault on the person of a little girl about nine years of age) exhibited up to the last hour of his life the same sullen disposition which he assumed at the time of his arrest, and which he has maintained ever since, showing no disposition to accept spiritual comfort or consolation of any kind; his only anxiety appeared to be centred in watching an opportunity to escape. We saw him as he lay in his manacles, with his eyes glaring wildly around, and when the executioner approached him to remove him to the yard of the jail, he became furious, and not until a kind hearted friend, who seemed to have some secret control over him, came and soothed him, would he let any of the officers approach him. He was at length induced to go to the place of execution, but it was only by stratagem that he was suspended by the fatal noose, and so bunglingly was it attached that it slipped over his head, and he was then despatched *by shooting him through the head with a pistol.*

It turns out that the subject of the execution was a *dog*, that bit a little girl. He was suspected of madness, and was put to death in the manner described, for fear he should do more mischief.

PUBLIC SPIRITED.

A. Van Wormer, a lawyer, at St. Charles, Kane county, Illinois, was recently tarred and feathered, and then ordered to leave the village, by a gang of persons who charged him with getting up useless lawsuits.

These very patriotic rowdies of Kane county, will probably proceed to regulate all other "*useless*" matters in that locality. Why not tar and feather merchants, also, for selling "*useless*" articles of dress and personal adornment, and thus promoting extravagance and ultimate bankruptcy; or the ladies for wearing such "*useless*" articles; or, by the way, why not tar and feather themselves, for being probably a very "*useless*," idle and good-for-nothing portion of the community? We should think that men who entered into the business of tarring and feathering all who get up or encourage "*useless*" practices, would soon find their hands full.

POOR POLICY.

Captain White having been authorized by the Mexican government to raise a regiment of one thousand men, to act as a guard to sustain the present government, has opened a recruiting station in New Orleans for that purpose.

The lessons of history are all lost upon Mexico. She invites in as "*a guard*," those who may ultimately not rest satisfied without the lion's portion. But it matters little; for whenever a nation has to call in the aid of foreigners to preserve the lawful government from domestic violence, it has acknowledged its inability to take care of itself, and confessed that it is looking out for a master.

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.

Gov. Johnston has issued the following Proclamation for a day of Thanksgiving on the 23rd of November next:

PENNSYLVANIA, SS.

{L. S.} In the name and by the authority of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania: by WILLIAM F. JOHNSTON, Governor of the said Commonwealth,

A PROCLAMATION.

The performance of duties we owe to the Supreme Disposer of events is a task no less pleasing than imperative. To Him, by whose enduring mercy we live, on whom we lean for support; whose arm is our defence, and whose goodness is our glory; who in adversity consoles, in weakness sustains us; and from whom we receive every good and perfect gift, we owe, especially, our adoration and thanks. This obligation is equally peremptory to nations and individuals.—No organization of man, no condition of society, no form of government can release a people from their duties to God: nor should the seductions of power, the lust of ambition, nor the splendor of renown, render them forgetful of the sacred privilege of addressing to the throne of grace and mercy the language of thanksgiving and praise.

These truths apply to us, as a nation, with especial force. With political institutions wisely adapted to our welfare and happiness; a country abounding with resources for individual prosperity, and national independence; a climate dispensing health and vigor, and a land yielding to the hand of toil a fruitful abundance; under the gracious superintendence of a righteous Providence, we have arisen in half a century from the condition of an infant and dependent nation, and have become a great and powerful people. In the necessary, yet dangerous struggles to enlarge our proportions, to develope our resources, and defend our rights, in the conflicts resulting from foreign and domestic intercourse, influenced by opposing interests and national jealousies in the balancing of powers belonging to the different branches of the National Government, and settling the boundaries between reserved and conferred authority, our institutions have been preserved, our National character vindicated, and our liberties secured and perpetuated. To Him, whose "hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither His ear heavy, that it cannot hear," all praise, all glory are due.

The present condition of our country should awaken our most profound gratitude. The war in which we were recently engaged, has terminated, and our citizen soldiers have returned to their homes, crowned with imperishable honors. We mourn, indeed, the loss of many brave men, who fell in battle, or by pestilence, but we have the consolation to know, that they offered up their lives in the service of their country. Their deeds will be remembered and their memories cherished by their admiring countrymen. The arts of peace have succeeded the clangor of war, and the spectacle is presented of twenty millions of people, reposing under the shadow of free institutions, alarmed by no danger without, agitated by no convulsions within their borders.

When we compare our favored country with the condition of unhappy Europe, the mind is furnished with lessons of wisdom, and the heart instructed in humility and reverence. THERE a down-trodden and long-enduring people have awakened from the apathy of bondage, and are teaching their oppressors the "ill-husbandry of injustice." It is a lesson which must be written in blood. Hence we behold crowns trampled under foot; thrones overturned, and empires wrested from their possessors; hence we see the desolation of kingdoms, the destitution of famishing nations, and hear the lamentations of suffering humanity. A righteous, a just God, in the exercise of omnipotent power, has preserved us from these awful calamities. We are in the enjoyment of a government of our choice; which, while it affords protection, dispenses with an even hand the fruits of civil and religious liberty. These are manifold and precious. We enjoy the delights of peace, and reap in profusion the blessings it distributes. Plenty crowns the labors of the field, and from the rich return of our harvest, the destitute of distant lands have been fed. Throughout our extended country, neither the murmurs of discontent, nor the voice of mourning, nor the cries of want are heard, for, "our ways are ways of pleasantness, and all our paths are peace."

In the midst of these unnumbered blessings, is it not our duty, will it not be our pleasure to return to HIM, from whom they flow, the homage of our adoration and the acknowledgment of our gratitude? To HIS mercy, in our unworthiness, are we indebted for the munificence of HIS favor: to HIS gracious and loving kindness must be attributed the continuance of our national prosperity.

Entertaining these sentiments, and deeply sensible of the necessity of Divine aid, to guide and guard us in the path of duty, I do hereby appoint THURSDAY, the 23rd day of NOVEMBER next, as a day of Thanksgiving to Almighty God, and do earnestly recommend to the People of the State of Pennsylvania, that it be set apart, by all denominations of Christians within this Commonwealth, as a day devoted to THANKSGIVING, PRAYER and PRAISE; and that they abstain on that day, as far as practicable, from worldly employment, acknowledge their transgressions, supplicate through the merits of the Redeemer, the forgiveness of sins; and with contrite hearts, render to His holy name the homage of adoration, thanksgiving and praise.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of State at Harrisburg, this twenty-eighth day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-eight, and of the Commonwealth the seventy-third,

TOWNSEND HAINES,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

By the Governor.

LABOR IN PARIS.

We see it stated, we know not of course with how much truth, that "more than five Commissioners of Police in Paris were about to lose their offices, for having delivered, on light grounds, and without evidence, *insurgent certificates.*" It would appear from this that such is the scarcity of labor in France, that the poor are anxious to be reputed *insurgents*, that they may be maintained by the State, and finally transported. What a condition of things is that where labor is rewarded with less desirable recompences than crime! The following anecdote is an amusing illustration of this state of affairs:

During the last week an *employe* of the Prefecture, who had left his breakfast to step out a moment, was astonished, on his return to find a man installed in his chair, and in a fair way to finish his meal. "Monsieur," said the stranger, "you are probably the proprietor of this artichoke *a la poivrade*?" "Yes, sir; to what may I ascribe the honor of your visit?" "Monsieur, I am a Communist." "I might have guessed as much," said the *employe*, gazing at the remains of the artichoke with a desolate air. "I am without bread," resumed the stranger. "Is that a reason for eating the whole of mine?" "I am come to ask if you will have the goodness to obtain me a place among the *transported prisoners.*" "What you demand is impossible," replied the *employe*. Exeunt stranger, having demolished the last of the artichoke.

ENGLISH TOLERATION.

The following decisions have recently been made in the English ecclesiastical courts: "1. That a Priest in holy orders of the Church of England, styling himself a Seceder from that Church, and being, in fact, a voluntary Seceder therefrom, may be committed to prison for contempt of court in preaching as a dissenting minister, contrary to the lawful monition of the court. 2. It is quite obvious that neither deposition from holy orders, degradation, or excommunication, can confer on a clergyman a legal right to officiate or preach as a dissenting minister."

There is religious liberty for you! We Americans have a saying, "Once a colonel, always a colonel;" and the English Courts have it, "Once an Episcopal minister, always an Episcopal minister." A man once ordained a priest in the established Church of England, though he should change his religious opinions, and even be excommunicated, cannot be allowed to preach as a minister of any other sect. If he does, "*he may be committed to prison, for contempt of court.*" And yet the English have the effrontery to call themselves a free people! This single fact proves how little they yet know of religious liberty.

COURTS OF RECONCILIATION.

In a recent letter to the people of California and New Mexico, Colonel Benton recommends, among other things, the establishment of Courts of Reconciliation. These courts exist in several, we believe, of the northern European nations, Norway particularly, and it is said that two-thirds of all the disputes are settled by them. Each man, if we remember aright, in these courts, tells his own story, and produces his proofs, and the judge decides what is fair and right in the case. We think that such courts could be advantageously engrafted upon our present system of jurisprudence. In those districts where the judges had the confidence of the community as being able and upright men, a very small proportion of disputes would ever go beyond the Court of Reconciliation. Such courts would enable our people to obey the command of Scripture, "Agree with thine adversary quickly, whilst thou art in the way with him" —a thing nearly impossible to do as justice is at present administered.

GERMANY.

There are at present about forty-five millions of Germans, living under thirty-eight distinct though confederated governments. It is one of the leading ideas in the mind of this large mass of men, speaking one language, and having a common origin and common traditions, to unite all these thirty-eight governments into one great German Empire. This has already been formally done, in a degree, and the Archduke John elected Regent of the new central government. Whether this central government will ultimately possess sufficient power, to ensure the respect and obedience of the German States, seems to be a doubtful question. At present, to an American observer, the German Empire seems to have little strength but what is derived from the enthusiasm which led to its creation.

LITERARY LADIES.

A writer in the Tribune, giving an account of a literary *soiree* in that city, describes the feminine portion of the company as follows:

"The ladies are scattered all about us thick as daisies; yet we do not know how to approach them. There is the stately Mrs. Seba Smith, bending enthusiastically over the centre-table and talking in a bright, cold, steady stream, like an antique fountain by moonlight; and yonder, nestled under a light shawl of heraldic red and blue, like a bird escaped from its cage and already longing to get back again, is the spiritual and dainty Fanny Osgood, clapping her hands and crowing like a baby. Next her sits, as quiet as a pet lamb, the *petite* and piquante Mrs. Ellet, her sparkling black eyes, lit with the glitter of some wicked repartee she has been forging. If she were not in Rome, you might see on the opposite side of the table, Miss Fuller, her large gray eyes lamping inspiration and her thin quivering lip prophesying like a Pythoness. Yonder by the fireplace sits the dark-eyed and poetic-faced Grace Greenwood, talking earnestly and casting bright glances of lambent defiance around her, as if she loved yet contemned everybody. Behind her, in a low arm chair, which sways gently to a half-murmured tune, sits the heart and soul of tenderness and poetry, in the plump and temporal person of Lydia Maria Child. She never leaves her own retreat, and sings ever loudest and sweetest from her nest. It is strange that we should have encountered her here amid this gay parade of beauty and distinction. Though well deserving a place any where, by virtue of the depth and purity of her genius, her fervid and o'ermastering worship of the Beautiful and the sincerity and classic simplicity of her soul, yet she all too seldom strays from home, and seems even now to be uneasy and restless, as if she fancied the room about to compress and flatten every body in it—and she detests flat people."

MACKEREL.

Reader, are you a man, or woman, of taste? Then you like mackerel; and will be pleased to hear anything in relation to that juicy, tender and luscious fish.

On a Tuesday morning, not many weeks ago, the most extensive shoal (or "*school*," as the fishermen incorrectly say,) of mackerel was seen off Gloucester, that ever was seen on the coast of New England. The mackerel were nearly all of the first class, too,—a *school* in which every scholar was in the first *class*—and before 8 o'clock there were no less than six hundred and thirty-four vessels, engaged in teaching this large "school" the first great lesson of life, "Every man for himself." The fishermen, who had not seen a mackerel for weeks, were overjoyed at the sight of them—"they were strangers, and they took them in." Some of the vessels averaged over a hundred barrels within ten hours; and many of the fishermen made from $25 to $60 and even $75. It was such sport as is seldom heard of, except in the stories of long-ago; and goes to prove that whatever may be said of the land and its inhabitants, the ocean and its tribes are not degenerating.

THE IRISH PATRIOTS.

The Irish patriots—or rebels, as the English call them—are at this moment probably undergoing their trials on indictments for high treason. One of the Irish papers says:

Much diversity of opinion prevails as to the probability of the conviction, but it is confidently stated in high quarters that in the event of such an issue, *it is the intention of the Government to carry the capital punishment into immediate effect.*

We cannot believe that these unfortunate men will be made to suffer the legal penalty of their actions, until such an atrocious deed is consummated. If England shall proceed to carry out the extreme punishment of the law, in the probable event of their conviction, a cry of horror and indignation will ring in her ears from all quarters of the civilized world. And its effect upon Ireland, if Ireland have a heart "as big as a grain of mustard seed," will be to make her swear in her soul, everlasting "*treason*," until she shall be made free.

JUNIUS'S LETTERS.

The authorship of Junius is engrossing much attention in the literary circles of London. Several new works upon the subject are announced.

Oh, the power of mystery! Junius and his letters would have faded from the public remembrance long years ago, had there been no mystery as to the writer. Byron, for the sake of being famous as an author, affected to be worse as an individual than he really was; Junius, for the sake of being famous *as Junius*, was willing to live and die unknown as a man. He will go down to immortality along with the celebrated "man in the iron mask." Distinguished for being obscure—the "great unknown" of literature.

A GERMAN PATRIOT.

Frederick Hecker, a distinguished German, of republican principles, has arrived in this country, "to study American institutions," and make a note of it, for the advantage of father land. So, at least, it is said. We have heard it hinted, however, that one reason for his leaving Germany was that the country was becoming rather "too hot to hold him." But comes he from "*free will*," or from "*necessity*," his exertions on behalf of the cause of freedom in his native land, [illegible] American people. He is now in Philadelphia, where he is being duly honored by our German population.

PHYSICIANS.

A New York editor contends that physicians should have salaries like clergymen, instead of fees. He says that now it is the interest of the physician to have people sick instead of well, and appears to fear the consequences of such an interest. It reminds us of a speech once made to us by a druggist, whom we were dunning for a small sum of money. He said that "times were *bad*, very *bad*—that the doctors said it was uncommonly healthy for the season."

GIRARD COLLEGE.

Last week one hundred more orphans were admitted into this *college* for unbreeched *collegians*. The whole number is now two hundred. The study of the primer and "Little Jacky Horner," is proceeding rapidly at this institution, and the higher classes are engaged upon Pike's Arithmetic, and other *classical* works. This is, we believe, the highest college in the country—by some twenty or thirty *feet*.

BOSTON.

Crime has increased in Boston in the last year rapidly. The cases on the police docket, which usually average 200 annually, are this year nearly double that number.

Boston is the great fountain-head from which flows the pestilential stream of corrupt literature. Is there no connection between these two facts? They seem to us like cause and effect.

ALL THE TALENT.

Philadelphia is blessed with "all the talent," in the musical line, just about these times. Maurice Strakosch, Pianist to old Nick (we mean the Autocrat of *Russia*,) Signorina Truffi, Signor Benedetti, &c., &c., &c., are all with us, giving concerts and playing at operas. Strakosch is the pianist that our New York correspondent, Bayard Taylor, went into such ecstacies about, some time ago.

THE PARTERRE.

Mr. T. B. Peterson expects to publish in a few days, a volume of poems by D. W. Belisle, entitled "The Parterre, a collection of flowers gathered by the wayside." We have looked over some of the proof sheets, and find a number of poems very creditable to the author.

A NEW PAPER.

An independent, free soil, daily penny paper, has been recently established in this city. Its editor is Dr. Elder, a gentleman of fine talents. The new paper has a good name—one better than either *North* or *South*—"THE REPUBLIC."

KATE WALSINGHAM.

A novel by Miss Pickering, with this title, has been just published by T. B. Peterson, 98 Chesnut street, Phila. It is the last novel this lady ever wrote, and is now first published. See advertisement.

Local Intelligence.

THE CONSPIRACY CASE.

Benj. Pratt, Abraham Pence and Edward McGowan, were found guilty by the jury, on the charge of conspiracy to pass the stolen notes of the Chester County Bank. The counsel of the latter has moved for a new trial. All have been committed to prison. Pence, who had not been in court, owing to a "*severe indisposition*," upon hearing of the verdict against him, attempted to escape; but he was arrested when just on the point of entering a carriage, employed to take him from such a *sickly* part of the country.

CHURCH QUESTIONS.

At a recent meeting of the Baptist Association in this city, the following questions were submitted by the Broad Street Church:

Can an expelled member of a church be received into another church?

Can a member thus admitted at one church meeting be expelled at a subsequent meeting?

The Association decided that the questions should be settled by the churches interested in the subject.

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION.

The annual fair of the Philadelphia Society for the promotion of Agriculture was held the latter part of last week, at the Rising Sun village. The exhibition is represented as being rather a falling off from former ones. Dr. Emerson delivered an address which is highly spoken of.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 132—adults 51, and children 81.

☞ Thirty-two persons have been tried at Antwerp for having been concerned in the invasion of Belgium by the bands of France. Fifteen were acquitted, and seventeen condemned to death.

General News.

A MAN CARRIED OVER NIAGARA FALLS.

The Buffalo Advertiser of Monday week gives the following thrilling account of a man being carried over Niagara Falls. It has since been ascertained that his name was Richard Loudon, of that city. He owned a boat on the river, answering the description of the one which went over the Falls, which he frequently used in fishing and sailing:

Neither fiction nor fact furnishes an incident of more thrilling interest than one which occurred last evening at the Falls, and is detailed below by our correspondent. There is something terribly appalling, almost sublime, in the struggles for life of a strong, self-possessed man, when drawn into the torrent that, with the speed of a race horse, sweeps him onward to certain destruction. A moment scarcely elapses between entire safety and a most fearful death, yet in that moment what a wealth of life may be compressed. How like lightning must flash through the mind all the pleasant recollections of childhood, the firm resolves of vigorous manhood, the hopes of the future, the endearments of home and friends, repentance for past errors, and prayers for forgiveness in that dread presence to which he is so awfully summoned!

NIAGARA FALLS, Oct. 3d, 1848.

About sundown last evening a man was carried over the Falls. Who he was is not known. From his management of the sail boat in which he came down the river, I think he was not well acquainted with the current or the rapids. His dress and appearance indicated respectability, and after he got into the rapids his self-possession was most extraordinary. His boat was a very good one—decked over on the bow, and I should think would carry three or four tons. From what I learn of a sail boat having been seen below Black Rock, coming down, I think it is from there or Buffalo. No other than a person unacquainted with the current above the rapids would venture so near them.

I was on the head of Goat Island when I first discovered the boat—then near half a mile below the foot of Navy Island, and nearly two miles above the Falls. There seemed to be two in the boat. It was directed towards the American shore —the wind blowing from this shore, and still the sail was standing. Being well acquainted with the river, I regarded the position of the boat as extraordinary and hazardous, and watched it with intense anxiety. Soon I discovered the motion of an oar, and from the changing direction of the boat, concluded it had but one. While constantly approaching nearer and nearer the rapids, I could discover it was gaining the American shore, and by the time it had got near the first fall in the rapids, about half a mile above Goat Island, it was directly above the Island. There it was turned up the river, and for some time the wind kept it nearly stationary. The only hope seemed to be to come directly to Goat Island, and whether I should run half a mile to give alarm, or remain to assist, in the event of the boat attempting to make the Island, was a question of painful doubt. But soon the boat was again turned towards the American shore. Then it was certain it must go down the American rapids. I ran for the bridge—saw and informed a gentleman and lady just leaving the Island, but they seemed unable to reply or move. I rallied a man at the toll gate—we ran to the main bridge in time to see the boat just before it had got to the first large fall in the rapids. Then I saw but one man—he standing at the stern with his oar, changing the course of the boat down the current, and as it plunged over he sat down.

I was astonished to see the boat rise with the mast and sail standing, and the man, again erect, directing the boat towards the shore. As he came to the next, and to each succeeding fall, he sat down, and then would rise and apply his oar in the intermediate current.

Still there was hope that he would come near enough to the pier to jump, but in a moment it was gone. Another, that he might jump upon the rock near the bridge, but the current dashed him from it under the bridge, breaking the mast.—Again he rose on the opposite side. Taking his oar, and pointing his boat towards the main shore, he cried, "had I better jump from the boat?" We could not answer, for either seemed certain destruction. Within a few rods of the Falls, the boat struck a rock—turned over, and lodged. He appeared to crawl from under it, and swam with the oar in his hand till he went over the precipice.

Without the power to render any assistance—for half an hour watching a strong man struggling [illegible] the certainty of destiny to an immediate and awful death, still hoping with every effort for his deliverance—caused an intensity of excitement I pray God never again to experience.

I write too hurriedly for publication, but I have stated all we have seen or know respecting the man or boat, and from which I hope you will be able to glean so much for publication as will lead to the discovery of the man.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

Lord George Bentick died on the 22nd, while riding in the country. Disease of the heart was the immediate cause of his sudden demise.

The Cholera at Hamburg was on the decline.

Paris, though tranquil, is in an inflammable state since the June insurrection. It was never in so excited a state, and those who long cling to hope, in expectation of a better state of things, look forward with doubt to the next scene in the drama.—The result of the elections has had a most depressing effect, on even the most sanguine.

The news of a further armistice between King Charles Albert and the Emperor of Austria, for a period of six weeks, is confirmed; and further, that the three governments of England, France and Austria, have agreed that the city of Venice shall remain free and unoccupied during the term of the armistice.

£12,000 have been subscribed to build Father Mathew a church.

The Thames now emits such an effluvium that the atmosphere of the streets adjacent is said to have become poisoned.

One of the comets may now be seen in the morning very early, between Castor and Pollux and Procyon. Its last appearance was in 1556.

Richard Wotten, the Oxford Banker, has died, leaving a fortune of two and a half millions of dollars.

Liszt, the pianist, is about to marry the Princess Wittgenstein, a young widow with an immense fortune.

The debate on the French Constitution is progressing, though slowly. On the article regarding capital punishment being brought forward, a long discussion, occupying the more than one session, took place. Some would have capital punishment entirely abolished; others would except military breaches from entire abolition; whilst a third, and successful party, declared for the organic article or clause—abolition of capital punishment for political offences.

The 6th article, declaring that slavery should not be allowed in any French territory, was passed without a dissenting vote.

The 7th article gave rise to some discussion. It ran thus:—"Everybody may freely follow his religion, and shall receive from the State equal protection in the exercise of worship. Ministers of churches now recognized, or hereafter to be recognized by law, have alone right to receive salary from the State." An amendment, refusing to give support to any church, was rejected.

COTTON CULTURE.—We learn from the Cape of Good Hope papers, that a movement had been made at Natal, in promotion of the cultivation of cotton. A company, established for the purpose, had just completed a purchase of 25,000 acres, at the price of two shillings per acre, and the conditions imposed by the crown were that immigrants should be introduced, in which case the whole purchase money will be laid out in the formation of roads, &c. The company seems most anxious to push its advantages and to commence cultivation. We are informed likewise that a body of German settlers at Natal had given a very high price for some land, being satisfied of its great capabilities for cotton growing.

CURIOUS.—In the garden of Mr. Simon Sanborn, in Union Street, is an apple tree, with a body or stem not so large as a man's wrist, which presents a curious sight. It blossomed at the usual time in May, bore fine fruit in August, then blossomed again, and has been from that time to this blossoming and growing apples! We saw it on the 22nd, when it had buds, blossoms and apples in the different stages of growth.—*Springfield Republican.*

SLAVE STEAMERS.—On the Coast of Africa a British man-of-war chased a slave steamer, which, after leading her sixty miles from the coast, suddenly returned, leaving the vessel of war to beat back, and in the mean time the steamer took on board her cargo of fifteen hundred slaves and was off.

A FIGHTING EDITOR.—A new paper, lately established at Cincinnati, has attached to itself as one branch of its literary department, a "fighting editor." This formidable individual has lately been presented, by certain of his admirers, with a dragoon's sword and a pair of horse pistols.

DEATH OF A "GREAT" MAN.—A London paper says:—The Prussian Tom Thumb was interred at Oldham, last week, in the presence of thousands of spectators. He was sixty-five years of age, and when laid in his coffin measured exactly three feet in length.

THE PIGEON EXPRESS.—We stated some weeks since, that the news which mysteriously made its appearance in this city, and was despatched to the South, for the benefit of operators, in advance of the arrival of the English steamers, was obtained by means of Carrier Pigeons, which had been for some time in course of training for this purpose.

The plan has been for two men to go on board the steamers at Halifax, with a small hand-case of types, and a box of pigeons. Having selected the news, it has been set up in their state-rooms and printed off on very thin paper, in the manner in which proofs are usually taken in a newspaper office; these proofs were then attached to the pigeons, which were let loose from the window of the state-room.

The captains of the Boston steamers have had their suspicions awakened as to the *modus operandi*, for some time, and had received instructions from the Cunard Directors to break up this monopoly of news, by a prohibition charge for the passage of the pigeons; on the passage of the Cambria from Halifax, the suspicions of Captain Harrison were confirmed, by the discovery of a box of pigeons which were brought on board at Halifax, and which were seized on the refusal of the person having them in charge, to pay the price demanded for their passage.—*Boston Traveller.*

New Publications.

THE AMERICAN FEMALE POETS. *With Biographical and Critical Notices, by Caroline May. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.* The American Female Poets! What delicious sensations do these words awaken of beauty allied with mental grace, and blended physical and spiritual loveliness! what visions of angelic faces, with the hair combed so as to display the full white forehead; of taper fingers delicately rosy, the tips of one or two bearing dark evidence of frequent contact with the muse's sceptre, the pen, and her altar, the inkstand.

But an editor has short time to indulge in sensations and visions. We therefore awaken to the actual world, and the volume before us. In it we find selections from all the well known female poets, and from a number not so well known to fame. The selections appear to be made with considerable taste, and the biographical and critical notices, though not very full, are interesting. The volume itself is well got up, with good paper and clear type, and is well worthy of a place in every lady's library—of course no gentleman, who values his standing with the sex, will be without it, or some similar volume.

YOUNG MEN ADMONISHED. *By Joseph P. Thompson, Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church. New York: Leavitt, Trow & Co.* An excellent series of lectures to young men, which will do good to all who peruse them. Mr. Thompson writes in a very impressive and interesting style. The volume is very neatly got up, and adorned with a copy of an admirable etching by Retzsch, called "The Game of Life," in which Satan is seen playing with a noble looking young man for his soul, the guardian angel of the youth standing by with a sorrowful countenance. We trust this volume will have a large circulation among the class for whom it is intended. It well deserves it. For sale by *Henry Perkins, 142 Chesnut St. Philada.*

THE JOHN DONKEY. This week's Donkey contains a hit at Van Buren, entitled "The Blind Beggar and his Dog." Among the smaller engravings, "The Shad, with its Young," is a most abominable slander, but really one of the most laughable things, the young one especially, that we have looked at for some time.

BUSINESS MAN'S ALMANAC. An Almanac for 1849, containing, besides the Astronomical calculations, much useful information for merchants, mechanics, manufacturers, &c. Published by *V. B. Palmer, Tribune Buildings, New York.*

VIRGIL. *Messrs. Lea & Blanchard* have published another volume of the Classical Series, edited by Drs. Schmitz and Zumpt. The text is mainly adopted from that of the school edition of Wagner, published at Leipzig in 1845.

AN ADDRESS BY W. DENNIS. We have received a copy of an excellent and judicious Address, delivered to the pupils of Wilmington Boarding School for Girls, by William Dennis, Principal teacher in that institution.

Political Intelligence

PENNSYLVANIA ELECTION.

As we might have to hold back our paper several days, in order to receive satisfactory returns of the election in this State, we have concluded to go to press without them.

THE MARYLAND ELECTION.—At the election in Maryland on Wednesday week, in addition to Sheriffs and Commissioners, seven of the counties had to choose Senators to the State Legislature to serve for six years, to supply vacancies occasioned by the expiration of the term of the former incumbents. The Senate last year consisted of thirteen Whigs and eight Democrats; it now stands fourteen Whigs and seven Democrats; a Whig gain of one.

GEORGIA ELECTION.—On Democratic authority this State is claimed by 1500 majority on the popular vote; on Whig authority by less than 100. The Congressional Delegation stands four to four, being no change.

CONNECTICUT.—The Town Elections were held in this State on Monday last. From the returns received the Whigs have carried 52 towns and the Democrats 49. Whig gain of three. Seven towns are divided.

EDITORS.—Among the nominees for Congress in Pennsylvania there are seven gentlemen who are, or have been editors. This shows that the march of popular intelligence is steadily progressing.

FLORIDA.—We have intelligence that the Whigs have carried Florida by a large majority, electing Governor, Congressmen, and a majority of the Legislature.

DELAWARE.—At the recent election in Delaware for Inspectors and Assessors, the Whigs carried the State as usual.

Varieties.

MOWING MACHINE.

The following notice of an invention of particular interest to farmers, is from the Buffalo Advertiser:

At the recent exhibition of the New York State Fair a new machine for mowing attracted great attention, particularly among the farmers. Mechanical ingenuity has for many years been put to severe test to produce a machine that would lighten that most severe labor of the farmer—mowing; many machines have been invented, but after a short trial have been found worthless, or nearly so. Mr. Wm. F. Ketchum, of this city, has at length produced a machine that, in the opinion of those capable of judging, answers every purpose on either rough or smooth ground—cutting the grass much closer, and laying it more even than can be done by the ordinary method. One man and a span of horses can, it is said, cut from 12 to 15 acres per day with perfect ease. The capacity of the machine to perform what is claimed for it, has been thoroughly tested in the presence of numerous of the most experienced farmers of this section, and we are pleased to learn that the ingenious inventor is likely to reap a fair reward for his perseverance and industry.

MODERN SUPERSTITION.—"A Commercial Traveller" has addressed the following letter to the *Taunton Courier*: "Happening to be in Taunton on the day of nomination for West Somerset, and having heard much of Mr. Escott's ability as a public speaker, I took my station by that part of the hustings appropriated to him and his friends. Immediately on the gentleman, who came forward to propose Mr. Escott, commencing his address, a respectably dressed and well-to-do looking farmer near me, assisted by a few others, apparently his neighbors, set up a howl that would have done no discredit to a whole kennel of fox hounds. On my inquiring of the farmer who he was, and what he had done to be thus assailed, as I had heard nothing in his address to call for it, he replied, 'You don't know him, sir; it's old Crosse, of Broomfield, he ought to have been hanged years ago.' 'For what offence?' inquired I. 'For dealing with the devil, sir,' was the reply. 'He has raised the devil at his cursed house four or five times to my certain knowledge, and the last time he was near setting the place on fire. I believe he has not tried it on since, but there is no going near the place after night for his d——d vagaries.' On further inquiries in another quarter, I found the gentleman thus spoken of to be no other than the celebrated Andrew Crosse, who has gained himself a European fame by electricity and galvanism. I remember to have read in a work on Demonology, that some two or three hundred years ago, various executions took place in Somerset for witchcraft; but really such a discourse as that above detailed, in the nineteenth century, passes belief, and I much fear that if Mr. Crosse were brought before a jury of his wise neighbors for the same offence, he would hardly escape."

FRENCH PETITIONS.—The Sacred Right of Petition has been reduced to a mere farce by the frivolous populace of the French capital. A Paris paper says: The crowd of petitions that are made each Saturday to the National Assembly become more and more droll. Among the last, for example, was a prayer thus conceived: "Citizen Sobland, complains to the Representative citizens of persecutions on the part of a *magnetiser*, of which he is without ceasing the object." The next day there was another petition deposited on the desk no less impregnated with humor, of which the following is an abstract: "Citizen Ducard demands that in future, women shall be obliged to wear their hair short." According to the petitioner these ornaments of the *beau sexe* are in a great measure the cause of the moral trouble which agitates society at the present day.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, October 7, 1848.

FLOUR AND MEAL—Since our last weekly review there has been a steady demand for superfine Flour, and some 8,000 bbls have been taken for shipment at $5,37½ for fair Western, and $5,50 for common brands Pennsylvania. Sales for city use at $5,50 a6 per bbl. Rye Flour has been steady at $4,12½ per bbl. Corn Meal has been in good demand, and 3,000 bbls have changed hands at $3,04a3 for Pennsylvania—mostly at the latter price.

GRAIN—The supplies of Wheat have been only to a moderate extent, with a corresponding demand—Sales of about 20,000 bushels at $1,08a1,16 for inferior to prime Southern and Pennsylvania red, and $1,20a 1,25 for white, per bushel. Rye is scarce, with small sales at 68a70c. Corn has been in good demand, and prices are nearly steady, with sales of 35,000 bushels flat and round yellow at 65a66c per bushel—the market closing firm. Oats have been in request, and 16,-000 bushels sold at 30a32c for Southern, and 35a37 for Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS—Western Pork continues dull, with small sales of Mess at $12,50a13, and Prime at $10,00 per bbl. Beef is very scarce—the last sale of City Mess was at $12,50a13 per bbl. The stock of good Bacon is much reduced, and prices are very firm; sales of Western Hams at 8a9½c; Sides at 5½a6½, and Shoulders at 4½a5c. Lard is steady at 8a9½ cts, with small sales. Butter sells in lots as wanted at 11a13 cts, and Cheese at 7½a8c per lb.

BARK—The stock of Quercitron is materially reduced, and prices are firm at $26,50a27 per ton for 1st quality No. 1.

BEESWAX—The market continues very dull.

BREAD—Demand limited; we continue to quote Pilot Bread at 4½a4½, Navy at 3a3½, and Crackers at 5a per lb.

CANDLES—Moderate sales of Sperm at 30a32 cts. Tallow Candles sell at 11½ cts for Mould, and 10½ for Dipped.

COAL—The demand continues limited, and but little Anthracite is going forward at this time. Prices have not varied. Sales of Allegheny Bituminous at 14½a15 cts per bushel. The total amount of Foreign Coal imported into this port from 1st Jan. to 30th Sept. 1848, was 1,404 tons, 3 cwt, 3 qrs and 1 lb—nett cost $3,586 51.

COFFEE—The demand continues to a fair extent, but the market is nearly bare, and prices tend upward—sales of 1,300 bags Rio and Laguayra sold at 6¼a6½c on the usual credit.

The imports this season have been as follows:

	Sept.	Previously.	Total.
From Rio de Jan'ro, bags,	6,247	34,550	40,799
Puerto Cabello,	1,393	28,361	29,753
St. Domingo,		8,604	8,604
Maracaibo,		5,939	5,939
Elsewhere,	7	171	178
Total,	7,646	77,637	85,273

In addition to which there were 47 casks imported from Porto Rico, and 4 bbls from Jamaica.

COTTON—The market has been very quiet this week, and the transactions only sum up 675 bales, including Upland, N. Orleans and Tennessee, at prices within our range:

	Upland & Fla.	N. Orls. & Ala.
Middling,	6 a 6¼	6 a 6¼
Middling Fair,	6¼ a 6¾	6½ a 7¼
Fair,	7¼ a 7½	7¼ a 7½

The imports this season, to 31st ult. have been as follows:—

	In Sept.	Previously.	Total.
From Charleston—bales,	885	10,583	11,468
Savannah,	498	4,192	4,690
Mobile,		1,658	1,658
New Orleans,	161	14,566	14,727
Florida,		948	948
North Carolina,		201	201
Elsewhere,		350	350
Total,	1,544	31,898	33,442

DOMESTIC GOODS—A fair amount of business is going forward, for the near trade, without change in prices.

The total amount shipped from Boston this year, has been as follows—

In September,	pkgs	1,219	$53,995 88
Grand total,		34,183	1,590,270 66

FEATHERS—The demand continues to a fair extent, with sales of 10,000 lbs good Western at 33a35c per lb.

FISH—The demand for Mackerel is moderate, with increased receipts. Steady sales of No. 1 at $9a9,50, No. 2 at $7,75a8,25, and No. 3 at $3,50a4.

The imports during the months of Sept. amounted to	13,194 bbls.
Previously this year,	79,002
Total,	92,196

GUANO—Steady sales at $46a48 per ton.

HEMP—The market is nearly bare of American, and prices tend upward.

HIDES—An invoice of 2,000 Laguayra sold at about former rates.

IRON—There has been an increased demand for Pig Metal since our last weekly review, and 7a800 tons sold at $22,50a25 for Anthracite, and $26a28 for Charcoal Iron. In other descriptions not much doing.

LATHS—Cargo sales of 200,000 Eastern at $1,15a 1,25 per M.

LEAD—The supplies continue light, and only a few hundred pigs sold at about 4½c cash.

The import in Sept. was	9,544 pigs
Previously this year,	56,362
Total,	65,906

LUMBER—The demand is to a fair extent, without change in prices. The supplies from the Lehigh region, for the week ending 30th ult. were

	Feet.
	728,357
Previously this season,	22,747,862
Total,	23,476,219

MOLASSES—The supplies continue very limited, and prices tend upward.

The import this season have been as follows:

	Hhds.	Tcs.	Bbls.
In September,	797	13	8
Previously this year,	13,906	1,035	18,884
New Orleans,	191		9,333
Total,	14,894	1,048	28,225

NAVAL STORES—The supplies generally of articles under this head are light, and prices steady. Sales of 1,200 bbls Rosin sold at $1a1,05 for common, and $1,75a2,50 for Nos. 2 and 1. In Tar and Pitch, no sales. For Spirits of Turpentine the demand has again been good, and sales to some extent have been made at 44a 46 cts.

The import this season has been—

	Sept.	Previously.	Total.
Soft Turpentine—bbls	1,034	300	1,334
Rosin,	1,468	21,946	23,414
Tar,	175	2,482	2,657
Pitch,	307	1,694	2,001
Spirits Turpentine,	1,473	12,381	13,854

OILS—The demand for Linseed is quite limited, at 60a61c. Further sales of Whale to some extent at 33 a35c. Sperm sells slowly at former prices.

PLASTER—Further cargo sales at $2,37½a2,50 per ton—closing firm at the highest price.

RICE—Prices are steady at 4¼a4½c.

The import in Sept. was	1,113 casks
Previously this year,	3,648 "
Total,	4,761

SALT—About 8,000 sacks Liverpool Ground and Fine sold at about former rates.

The import in September was:

	Sacks	Tons	Bushels.
Liverpool, &c.	7,335		4,300
Turks Island,			5,000
Previously this year,	58,935	1,858	[illegible]
Total,	66,270	1,858	[illegible]

SPIRITS—French Brandy sells in small lots at $1,25 a1,30 for Bordeaux; $1,40a1,60 for Rochelle, and $2,50 for old Cognac. Holland Gin is steady at $1,40, with small sales. New England Rum is dull at 25a28 cts. Whiskey has been in limited request, and prices are barely supported. Sales in hhds at 26a26½, and in bbls at 27a27½ cts.

SUGARS—The demand continues to a fair extent, and the recent large sales having materially reduced the stock of Muscovado, prices still tend upward. Sales of 3a400 hhds New Orleans at 4⅞a5½c; and about 1,200 boxes Havana and Matanzas at 4½a5¾ for brown and yellow, and 7a7½c for white, all 4 mos.

TEAS—A limited business is going forward at previous prices.

TALLOW—Good Rendered is scarce and wanted, at 8½a9c.

TOBACCO—The market is dull and only a few hhds Kentucky have changed hands this week at previous rates. The stock in the Warehouse at this time is less than it has been since 1840.

INSPECTION OF TOBACCO—The following is the Inspectors' account of the Stocks, Inspections, &c at the City Tobacco Warehouse, during the month of September last:

	Ky.	Va.	Ohio.	Total
Stock on hand 31st Aug.	2,379	177	30	2,586
Received in Sept.	126			126
	2,495	177	30	2,702
Delivered in Sept.	272	7	—	279
Stock on hand 30th Sept.	2,223	170	30	2,423

WOOL—The demand is still limited, and prices are unchanged.—*Bick. Reporter.*

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 9.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,200 head. Sales of Beeves are making from $5,75 to 7 per 100 lbs. Swine—600 Hogs were in the market, of which 450 were sold, at from $4,75 to 5,25 per 100 lbs. Cows—About 250 in market, prices varying from $20 to 35 for fresh, $15 to 25 for springers, and $8 to 15 for dry. Sheep and Lambs are selling from $2 to 4 for the former, and $1 to 3 for the latter, according to quality.

NEW YORK, Oct. 9.—At market, 1,500 Beef Cattle (1,100 Southern, remainder from this State,) 70 Cows and Calves, and 4,000 Sheep and Lambs. Prices—The market for Beef Cattle remains well supplied, and with a rare uniformity in price. The demand during the past week has been tolerably active, and but a comparatively small number are left over undisposed of. Sales of from $6 to 7 per cwt as in quality. A lot of 40 head were driven to Bermuda. Cows and Calves brought from $20 to 38a$40. All sold. Sheep and Lambs are not so plenty—Sheep $1 75a2,50 to $4—Lambs $1,25a2,25, all sold. Hay and Straw are plenty at the scales—good Timothy is worth 70c per 100—Straw $3a3,50 per 100 bundles.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 6.—Beef Cattle—There were 1,600 head of Beeves offered at the scales on Monday last, of which 900 head were sold to city butchers at prices ranging from $2,12½ to 3,75 per 100 lbs on the hoof, being equal to $4,25a5,50 nett, and averaging about $2,46 gross. There were 300 head driven to Philadelphia, and the residue left over unsold. Hogs—There is a fair supply in market, and sales are making of live at $4,25a5 per 100 lbs.

NEW YORK MARKETS, OCT. 7.

ASHES—Sales of about 100 bbls were made, including pots at $6,12½, and Pearls at $6,18¾, and small sales of Canadian were made at $6.

BREADSTUFFS—Flour—The sales embrace from 5 to 6,000 bbls, chiefly this State, mixed brands, Michigan, Oswego, &c., at $5,50; with 3 to 400 do Ohio, and 300 do New Orleans, at the same price. In the above were also included some lots pure Genesee at $5,62½ to 5,68¾. Southern remained about the same. We quote Petersburg city mills, afloat, at $5,75, and 5,81¼, in store. Wheat—Sales of 15 to 18,000 bushels Ohio mixed white and red were made for export at 115a 116c, and 2,600 do white sold at 117c; 2,300 do Genesee sold at 127c, and 4,500 Chicago at 108c. Corn—The sales for the day reached about 20 to 25,000 bushels, a large portion of which consisted of Jersey and Northern round yellow at 70 cts; 2,000 do Southern white sold at 67 cts; flat yellow and high mixed were held at 70 to 72c. Meal—New Jersey, being scarce, was held at $3,37½. Rye—Sales of 3,500 to 4,000 bushels were made at 75c. Rye Flour was inactive at $3, 62½ to 3,68¾. Oats—Further sales canal were reported at 34a34½c.

PROVISIONS—Sales in lots of 2a300 bbls mess Pork were made at $12,75a12,87½. Prime stood at about $10 offered, and $10,25a10,12½ asked. Lard—Sales of 3a400 bbls were reported at 8¾a8¾a9c, according to quality. Beef—Small sales were continued to be made at $12,50. Small sales pickled Pork Hams were made at 6¼c. Cheese—Sales of 150 boxes prime to extra, were made at 7a7½c. Butter exhibited no material change.

United States
SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1848.

AMERICAN FEMALES.

Dr. Meigs, from whose writings we recently made a long and very interesting extract on the education of daughters, attributes the early "breaking-up" of the constitutional force of American females, in part, to the nature of our climate, which "From the violent and rapid revulsions of its temperature, moisture and pressure, as well as from the intense force of its light in summer, is more exhausting to the life-powers than the cooler and more steady skies of Europe, where the women certainly preserve their youthful appearance to a later period." He says: "Those who reside in the Southern States will have observed the very striking difference in the appearance of persons who have spent the summer in the North and those who have waited during the hot months, in Georgia, Alabama, and the other southerly regions of the United States. Having spent the early part of my life in the South, I was accustomed to see my friends and acquaintances return from the North at the close of the hot season looking ruddy and healthy in comparison with the fatigued and exhausted aspect of those who had drawn out the long summer season at home—and I am sure that no one can arrive in our ports, in August and September, from a trip across the Atlantic, without being struck, and even painfully struck, with the air of ill health that is visible in the faces of the crowds on the wharves and streets of places so far to the north as New York, and even Boston. The cold weather of winter and spring restores to them the hues of ruddy health, in order that by the close of the ensuing hot season every body may be again *pulled down*, to use an expression much in vogue.

"The western coasts of Europe do not possess such brilliant skies as ours. The veil of mist or cloud from the Atlantic, that is almost always spread above their heads, prevents the excessive radiation of solar light and heat, and the powers of the body are, consequently, not so exhausted by over-stimulation from these causes, as exhibited in the hurried pulse, the profuse diaphoresis, and the almost universal bilious or sallow hue, acquired by the complexion on this side."

THE RUSSIAN REBELLION.

The reported rebellion in Russia was not altogether groundless; but its causes were not in the least political. It appears that after the Cholera in St. Petersburgh had begun to diminish in virulence, it suddenly broke out anew with increased fury. As it was principally among the inferior class that the disease prevailed, a rumor gradually obtained circulation and belief, that the noble and rich, in order to get rid of the poor, had engaged the physicians to give poisoned medicines to those attacked. A mob having gathered and constructed three barricades, the troops were called out. At the moment the troops were about to commence the attack, the Emperor arrived on horseback, accompanied by a single aid-de-camp. His Majesty ordered the troops to retire a little, and alighted from his horse. He then ascended the first barricade, and made a sign that he would harangue the insurgents. The insurgents, on seeing the Czar, knelt down and joined their hands, as if about to pray.

"The cholera, my children," said the Emperor, "is a chastisement which God inflicts on men, and which must be submitted to with resignation. All the rumors of poisoning are pure falsehoods, invented by the malevolent and the enemies of the people."

Two of the insurgents commenced a reply to the Emperor, but his Majesty interrupted them, and told the other insurgents to arrest them. The Emperor then ordered the troops to withdraw to their barracks, and he withdrew. The insurgents immediately arrested their two companions, and gave them up to the police; after which they demolished the barricades and peacefully dispersed. And so ended this rebellion, which has not left a trace behind.

Items of News.

TAKING CARE OF THE AUTHORS.—Such is the depressed condition of literature in France, that government has authorized a lottery for the relief of publishers and authors. The proposal is, as we learn from the Atlas, to issue 5,120,000 tickets at about five dollars each, for which each subscriber receives at once *the full value* in books, and there are multitudes of prizes besides—large sums of money, and heaps of books. When the full value, as they term it, of books is thrown in in this way, one may imagine what is the state of trade.

INGENIOUS ROGUERY.—The St. Louis Reveille gives the story of two rogues in that city, requesting a widow lady to permit them to measure her dwelling, stating that they were about erecting one resembling it in every particular. Flattered by the compliment to her taste, the lady admitted them into her dwelling, the interior of which they minutely examined, and the same night returned and robbed it. They discovered an easy access to the building while measuring its dimensions.

VERY CONVENIENT.—A new invention is noticed in the last Scientific American, for the benefit of way passengers in the cars. A large dial is placed in each car, with the names of different places upon it, and a pointer to indicate the place arrived at. A gong is so connected with the machinery as to sound whenever a stop is made. It is said to work with great certainty, and not to get disarranged.—The only nuisance is the gong, which would be a grievance to sleepy travellers by night.

MRS. MAFFIT.—The New York Commercial, alluding to the recent death of Mrs. Maffit, says:—"Readers will probably remember the marriage of Rev. J. N. Maffit, some two years and a half ago, as the circumstance created some excitement at the time. The parties soon separated, and have since lived apart, Mr. Maffit being at present in Arkansas. Mrs. Maffit died on Friday night week, aged only eighteen years and seven months, after about ten days illness."

EVILS OF STRONG PREJUDICE.—The Hon. Mr. Cabell, of Florida, lately obtained a claim of some $1,100 for a Democratic constituent, and sent him the sum under his frank. The Democrat upon receiving the package, and seeing the frank of Mr. Cabell, thought it was a Whig document, and was just on the point of throwing it into the fire, when a "sober second thought" prompted him to open it, and he discovered to his joy the eleven hundred dollars, which were saved as a "brand from the burning."

A FEAT OF CHESS PLAYING.—Herr Harwitz, of Breslau, the celebrated chess player, has lately played a match in Liverpool with the most efficient of the members of the local chess club. The feat he accomplished was of a rather extraordinary nature; he played two games at the same time, the condition being that he did not see the pieces or look on the board. The result was that he lost one and gained one game. His antagonists were Messrs. Brown, Scholfield, Lomen and Woodward.

FAILURE OF THE ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY.—The Atmospheric Railway has probably received its death blow by the abandonment of that mode of traction by the South Devon Railway Company, after having spent £300,000 in experimenting upon it. The system is found to be too expensive. It costs £100 to earn £100! No more need be said about it. Punch places it in his obituary of this week.—*London Correspondent of the National Intelligencer.*

A DISTINCTION.—The following nice distinction and honest confession is from the Alton (Illinois) Monitor:

"In regard to our future policy it may be observed, that from the present time, until the Presidential election takes place, the Monitor will be devoted, in a great degree to political objects.—*Afterwards, it is intended to make it a useful journal to the people of Illinois.*"

EMIGRANTS TO WESTERN VIRGINIA.—The Winchester Virginian states that large numbers of emigrants have passed through our town within a month past, principally bound for that noble region, Western and North Western Virginia. That country is advancing at a giant pace. New towns are rising and old forests are falling in almost every part of it.

A PLACE TO LIVE.—The town of Putnam is situated on the Muskingum River, opposite Zanesville, Ohio, containing a population of 2,000 people, and there is not at present, an intemperate man in the place, and moreover, there is not, within the limits of the corporation, a single tavern, store or shop, where intoxicating liquors of any kind can be had.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—Mr. D'Israeli delivered himself of a speech on the hindrance of public business in Parliament. A verbatim report of it occupied eight columns of a newspaper. Mr. D'Israeli unquestionably has succeeded to admiration in showing what is the cause of the evil.

A SHOCKING BATH.—At Marden's Bath House, in Newburyport, a novelty has been introduced, in the adjustment of an electro-magnetic machine, in one apartment, by which the visitor may at his pleasure charge the water and receive an electric shock with the bath—free of extra *charge.*

HOURS OF LABOR.—As decided upon by the French National Assembly on the 6th ult., a day's labor is limited to 12 hours in the manufactories. A former law, for 10 hours, gave general dissatisfaction, and was rejected by 616 to 67. Four workmen took part in the debate.

TWINS IN THE VEGETABLE WORLD.—Mr. Haynes Lord has raised some curious products on his farm on Staten Island—a Siamese pair each of apples, musk oranges and peaches. The two former pairs are respectively fully developed but united; the latter less perfectly so.

LAWYERS ON KISSING.—The Providence Journal of Monday contains a report of the trial of John Donahue for an assault with an attempt to kiss one Mary Gorman, whom he alleges is his second cousin. The Journal says that the evidence gave rise to some very interesting questions of law, especially to young men.

"The counsel for Mrs. Gorman did not contend that the usual proposal to kiss a lady was an assault; but the party should, before proceeding to extremities, ascertain beyond any reasonable doubt that the lady would not be unaccommodating, and especially should forbear from such attempts in the presence of a third party. All men, especially young men, would be justified in using reasonable diligence in ascertaining the disposition of the lady under such circumstances, but he must be careful not to press his suit after it became apparent that his fondness was not reciprocated. Currey, counsel for J. Donahue, did not fully concur with this view of the law, but contended that the transaction was all in good nature, as far as John was concerned—that Mrs. Gorman was his second cousin, and there was no intention of committing an assault on his part.

"The Court found John guilty, and fined him one dollar and costs. The fact that Mrs. Gorman was the second cousin of John was not considered a sufficient justification for his persisting in the prosecution of his desire. The Court gave no opinion as to what would have been their decision if the parties had been first cousins, or if the kiss had been stolen before the lady had objected."

Clippings.

☞ They that marry ancient people merely in expectation to bury them, hang themselves in hope that some one will come and cut the halter.

☞ The mountains of the North are all covered with snow. Those in Canada have the snow a foot deep.

☞ Great preparations are making in the West for emigrating to California. The gold fever has seized upon the people, and they are after the yellow dust.

☞ Boston Ice may be had in great abundance at Vera Cruz, at fifteen cents per pound.

☞ Do not wait for extraordinary opportunities for good actions, but make use of common situations. A long continued walk is better than a short flight.

☞ General Kearney continues dangerously ill at St. Louis. It is feared that his illness will terminate fatally.

☞ An anxious inquirer proposes the following query:—"Does an engine *work* at a fire, or does it merely *play*?" Who can tell?

☞ Audubon, the great naturalist, is now residing at Harlem, New York. His house is a perfect museum of Natural History. We regret to say, his powerful mind exhibits symptoms of a sudden decay. His personal health is good.

☞ Madame Murat, of Bordentown, (an American lady,) sailed from New York on Monday week, for France, where she is to join her husband, now a member of the National Assembly.

☞ If an eye of black be enchanting, and a blue eye be bewitching, how much superior must his charms be, whose eye is both "black and blue."

☞ A self-acting steam pump has been invented, which, it is asserted, will render explosions of boilers impossible. Such an invention is a desideratum.

☞ Mr. Esam, of Sutton-upon-Trent, has found that mustard sown amongst wheat is an effectual cure for the wire-worm.

☞ A song called "Monsieur Credit" has been seized by the police in Paris. The Duke of Bordeaux is known by this name, being regarded by his party as the restorer of confidence and credit.

☞ A gentleman, who was recently in Rome with our late Charge d'Affaires, Dr. L. J. Martin, informs the Boston Transcript, that Dr. M. expressly denied that he had become a convert to the Roman Catholic religion, as was stated.

☞ A Vienna correspondent says—"Ronge is preaching his new doctrines here with unabated zeal, and no slight success, his auditors in the Odeon being every time he lectures eight or nine thousand."

☞ Wealth is like a serpent which an enchanter takes by the tail without being bitten, but which turns round and gives a mortal wound to those who are unacquainted with the art of charming it.

☞ Favorites are sundials; no one looks at them when they are in the shade.

☞ Attempt not to fly like an eagle with the wings of a wren.

☞ A fellow, found guilty of burglary and robbery, before Justice Day, in Ireland, observed, shrewdly enough, that his fate had been very singular, since he had lost by *Day* what he had got by *night.*

☞ A gentleman, in Boston, received an order from Vermont, for two fresh *psalmon*—and he sent him two weighing an "old hundred."

☞ The Emperor Nicholas has conferred the Grand Cordon of the order of St. George on Marshal Radetzky.

☞ An Albany paper says: "We once saw a lady laced so tight that, while stooping to pick up a pin, her stays gave way, and she turned three somersets in consequence!"

☞ "Sambo, why is a chimley sweep one ob de happiest men alibe?" "I s'pose, kase he knows de joys ob de fire-side!" "No—dat aint it. Do you gub it up?" "To be sure I does." "Well, den, kase he's easily suited (sooted)."

☞ No manner of speaking is so offensive, as that of giving praise, and closing it with an exception.

☞ Macready, the distinguished tragedian, had a magnificent reception at Niblo's, New York.

☞ A contemporary informs us that in 1757, Mrs. Gates, the wife of General Gates, was the only woman in New York who wore breeches—that article being a component part of her riding attire.

☞ A little boy, named King, recently fell down a precipice, a distance of sixty-five feet, near the railroad station in Roxbury, and "felt pretty comfortable the next morning."

☞ Get your enemies to read your works, in order to mend them; for your friend is so much your second-self, that he will judge too like you.

☞ Mr. J. B. Graham, who emigrated to Australia about sixteen years ago, with only £40 in his pocket, is now on a visit to his friends in Sheffield,—a gentleman of fortune, his shares in the Burra-Burra mines alone producing him about £16,000.

☞ The potato disease is no novelty. Lord Chancellor Jocelyn, writing from Ireland in 1741 to his brother Chancellor (Hardwicke) in England, "mentions the distressed state of the country at that period, owing to the entire failure of the potato crop which had occurred, and which was followed by famine and disease to a frightful extent."

☞ M. Louis Blanc comes so very black out of the inquiry respecting the late insurrectionary movements in Paris, that *Punch* feels compelled to authorize him to exchange his name to that of Louis Noir.—*Punch.*

☞ Joseph Eaton, Esq., of Bristol, England, has offered two prizes of £100 each for the best essays on (1) the causes of juvenile depravity, and (2) the medical uses of strong drink. The first will be decided in the course of a month, and the second some time next year.

☞ If we could look into the heart of a girl when she first begins to love, we should find the nearest resemblance to what poetry has described as the state of our parents when in Paradise, which this life ever presents.

☞ Franklin and Washington never spoke longer than ten minutes at a time. A good example for modern orators.

☞ DECIDEDLY MEAN.—A woman who puts less shortening in the under crust of a pie than the upper.

☞ Mrs. Mason, the celebrated actress, has suddenly become a woman of great affluence. The suit in relation to her father-in-law's will has just been decided, and her husband comes in for one eighth of about two and a-half millions of dollars.

☞ The house of Jeremiah Woodman was entered, in Portland, and robbed of a sum of money by two wretches, who struck a sick girl on the head with a club: the blow will probably cause her death. It is easy to say where these fellows will probably go, one of these days.

☞ One of our contemporaries gives the following advice to wives: "If you find it necessary to chastise your husband, you should perform this painful duty by using the soft end of the broom and not the handle."

☞ The India papers notice the discovery in the Deccan, of a bed of lithographic limestone, fifteen or twenty miles broad, and of great length.

☞ Plank roads, by a late decision of the Supreme Court of New York, are considered in law the same as turnpike roads, and consequently private individuals cannot recover damages for injury done to property by the proper and reasonable repairs of such highways.

☞ The vassalage of mind too often imposed by a party, a sect, an association, cannot be too deeply deprecated. Individual independence, no less than personal freedom, should be the great aim of every man.

☞ "It is reported," says the *Nenagh Guardian*, "that Government have given permission to Mrs. Mitchel and her family to proceed to Bermuda."

☞ It is a singular fact, that three years ago, when the Oregon question threatened war between this country and England, there was not enough saltpetre in this country to meet the necessities of a single campaign.

☞ The project of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad is earnestly urged in Alabama and elsewhere in the interior, and will no doubt be prosecuted.

☞ Since the first appearance of the cholera in Egypt, twenty thousand people had died of it. At Smyrna, at the latest dates, (Aug. 29th,) the deaths were one hundred per day.

☞ Sweet Potatoes have been successfully cultivated in Michigan this season. This is a long way farther North than any one supposed this description of potato would grow.

KISSES.

Since for kissing thee, Minguillo,
My mother scolds me all the day,
Let me have it quick, my darling,
Give me back my kiss, I pray.

Ah! if we've done aught amiss,
Let's undo it while we may,
Quickly give me back the kiss,
That mother may have naught to say.

Do—she keeps so great a pother,
Chides so sharply, looks so grave,
Do, my love, to *please my mother*,
Give me back the kiss I gave.

Out upon you, false Minguillo!
One you *give*, but two you *take*.
Give me back the two my darling,
Give them *for my mother's sake*.

Fashions.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

The passion for dress has turned its inventive ingenuity for the present, upon the article least seen—a natural consequence of a state of things in which a lady's shawl is taken from her shoulders in the street in open day. Linen is the extravagance of the hour; and the varieties of cut and mode are already numberless. It will suffice, for the American reader, if we mention the six principal fashions, of which the rest are mostly variations or combinations. First, the *chemise simple*, of excessively fine linen, with a broad hem *a coulisse*, and sleeves with round gussets or no gussets at all. Second, the *chemise a la vierge*, straight up and down, and bordered at the neck by gathers. Third, the *chemise a la Grecque* with a straight line over the bust, open bosom, and sleeves broad and extending to the elbow. Fourth, the *chemise a l'Amazone*, that is, an elongation, merely, of the shirt masculine. Fifth, the *chemise a l'Anglaise*, which is shaped undulatively to the figure. Sixth, the *chemise a la Creole*, very large and loose, cut very low in the neck, and with most luxuriant fullness of sleeve. This last fashion is variable by edges of lace in any direction and quantity.

The importance of the chemise as the combined first necessity and most justifiable luxury of the toilette, is now fully recognized in Paris, and it is not presumable that it will ever lapse again into the article most susceptible of economy.

☞ "Wine of four men" is the name given to a kind of wine made at a place called Witzenhausen, in Germany. The reason of this name is, that "it takes one to pour it out, one to drink it, and two to hold the man while he swallows it."

☞ Telescopes four and one-half inches long when closed, of power sufficient to show Saturn's ring and some of the double stars, are now sold in London, with stand case, for fifteen dollars.

☞ Sullivan, who eloped from Newark, N. J., with Mary Ecelin Richmond, pleaded guilty to the charge of seduction at Utica, and was sentenced to the State Prison for two years.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by *James R. Smith, J. T. Dent, T. Gardner Smith, Frederick J. Hawse, John W. Armstrong, Jason Taylor, E. M. Stevenson, and W. Ramsey.*

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, 182 South Tenth street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling agent for the Southern and South-Western States, assisted by *Jas. K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, T. S. Waterman, John Collins, James Deering, Isaac D. Guyer, R. S. James and Robt. Barton.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Penna.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do. do. do. for New York State.

FRANCIS SHEPHERD, do. do. for the Eastern States.

JACOB H. HASSENPLUG, do. do. in Pennsylvania.

JUSTUS WHITE, do. do. in New York and Canada.

J. L. SPROGLE, do. do. in Ohio, &c.

CHAS. W. SARTORI is our only Collector for New Jersey.

WM. WHITE, Jr., Raleigh, N. Carolina, is Agent for this paper.

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THE STOCK MARKET.

The following were the closing prices of stocks on Monday last:

	Bid	Asked		Bid	Asked
U S 6s '56	102	103	U S Bk Notes	88	90
" '62	102	—	U S Bk Shares	2½	2¾
" '67	104½	104¾	N Amer Bk	115	—
" '68	104½	104¾	Penna Bk	260	261½
" 5s '51	92	—	Philadelphia	—	116½
War Bty scr	97½	97¾	Far & Mec	52½	53
U S Tr N 6s	103½	103¾	Commercial	49½	50
" " 1 mill	—	102½	Mechanics'	24½	25
Philada 6s	99	—	Schuylkill	2	3
" 5s	81	—	Southwark	60	—
County 5s	—	83	Kensington	55	58
Penna 6s	84	84½	P Township	24	26½
" 5s	73	73½	Girard	10½	10¾
Tennessee 5s	75½	76	Man & Mechs	23½	24
Illinois 6s	40	—	M & M, Pitts	40	—
Cincinnati 6s	88	—	Exchange, Pitts	—	45
Texas T Notes	7	10	Louisville, Ky	89	—
Schuyl N 6s '68	30	30½	Kentucky Bk	82	—
" '65	21	23	Union, Tenn	—	43
" Int	67	68	Planters, Tenn	42½	44
Lehigh N 6s	53	54	Vicksburg	9	—
" Int loan	52	54	Schuyl Nav	8½	—
" Mort 6s	80	81	Lehigh Nav	29½	30¼
" Cl Scrip	81½	82	C & Del Cl	55	60
C & Del Cl 6s	—	80½	Morris Cl	8½	8¾
C & Am R 6s	95	98	Penn & Ohio Cl	2½	—
Susqueh Cl 6s	45	49	Union Cl	6½	9½
Norrist'n R 6s	64	70	Susqueh Cl	—	9½
Harrisburg R 6s	82	83	Harrisburg R	—	39
Wil R 6s	77½	77¾	Wilmington R	21	—
Read R 6s '50	54½	55	Reading R	15	15¼
" Mort 6s	60	61	Flem Copper	3	3½

Ledger.

ANOTHER PHYSICIAN'S TESTIMONY.

Mr. Fowle—Dear Sir: I could send you a dozen certificates, strong and decisive, of the really sanative effects of your valuable Balsam of Wild Cherry, within the past twelve months, under my own supervision and direction. Indeed, I know of few persons who have used it, comparatively, but commend it in the strongest terms. A case of Asthma, the severest I ever saw, to which I was called a month ago, evinced the superiority of the Balsam. The disease had lasted six weeks, and the dyspnœa and suffering were dreadful; he sat up every night. The gentleman told me to give him something to last him home, (21 miles,) so that he might see his wife and child, and die in peace! I gave him one bottle of the Balsam, and four ounces syrup squills, directing him to take tea-spoonful doses of best Bordeaux olive oil, when the difficulty of breathing was greatest. Next day I forced his despondent will, and made him take six bottles of the WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY home with him *as a present*, he having alleged that he had used so much expensive medicine to no profit. Last week Mr. A. called and expressed his gratitude to me in the warmest manner, said the medicine had saved his life, paid his *whole* bill, and took six bottles more, and left my office for home, rejoicing.

Very respectfully yours,
WM. A. SHAW, M. D.

Washington, North Carolina, Aug. 12, 1847.

For sale by Charles Schaffer, No. 215 Market street; Frederick Brown, corner of Fifth and Chesnut streets, Philadelphia, and Druggists generally throughout the United States and British Provinces. 1t

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY R. JOHNSTON, BROKER.
No. 24 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, October 14, 1848.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks	par
U. S. bank notes	13 dis
Girard do.	par
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	1 dis
Carlisle	1 dis
Lewistown	½ dis
Brownsville	½ dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Waynesburg	1½ dis
Washington	1½ dis
Erie	40 dis
Susquehanna county	2 dis
Lebanon	par
Lehigh county bank	—
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	½ dis
Harrisburg	½ dis
West Branch	1½ dis
Wyoming	1½ dis
Middletown	½ dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Relief notes	1½ dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	—
Newark, Newtown, Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Or'nge, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dov'r, Rawway, P'rth Amboy	½ dis
M. Hope, Del Bridge	90 dis
Yard. Del Bridge co.	10 dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	3 dis
Salisbury	—
Frederick county	½ dis
Cumberland	1 dis
Washington county	1 dis
Hagerstown	1 dis
Havre-de-Grace	1 dis
Far. and Millers bk.	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK.	
City banks	½ dis
Canal bk, Albany,	40 dis
Tonawanda	30 dis
Oswego	20 dis
Millers', Clyde	15 dis
James bank	1 dis
Atlas bank	35 dis
State bk—Saugerties	1
Northern Ex. bk	1 dis
Country banks	1 dis
MAINE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans	2 dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
CANADA.	
Montreal	5 dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk. of Va. & branches	1½ dis
Far. Bk. & branch	1½
Valley Bk. & branch	do dis
Ex. Bk. & branches	do dis
Wheeling	[illegible]
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	2½ dis
Small notes	2½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
So. West. R. R.	1½ dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	3 dis
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's	1½ dis
Central Bk. of Mil.	2 dis
Georgia R. R. Co.	2 dis
Ruckersville Bkg. Co.	—
All solvent banks	2 dis
Small notes	2½ dis
ALABAMA.	
Bank of Mobile	3 dis
Country banks	5 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	unc
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
FLORIDA.	
So. Life & Trust Co.	—
OHIO.	
Bank of Wooster	30 dis
Com. Bk. of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
KENTUCKY.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	3 dis
INDIANA.	
State bank	2 dis
Small notes	2½ dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois	60 dis
State bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent banks	4 dis
MICHIGAN.	
Bank of St. Clair	no sale
Farmers' & Mech's	5 dis
ARKANSAS.	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA.	
Miners' bank	—

TYPE FOR SALE.

ONE LARGE FOUNT OF BOURGEOIS TYPE, in good condition. Apply to the Proprietors of this paper.

ALMANAC.

Oct. 1848.	Sun rises	Sun sets	High water	Moon's phases
14 Saturday,	6 26	5 33	3 41	
15 Sunday,	6 28	5 32	4 46	h m
16 Monday,	6 29	5 31	5 46	
17 Tuesday,	6 32	5 29	6 46	
18 Wedn'sday,	6 33	5 27	7 31	First 5 0 10
19 Thursday,	6 35	5 25	8 6	Full 12 11 8
20 Friday,	6 36	5 24	9 25	Last 19 1 41
21 Saturday,	6 37	5 23	10 15	New 26 10 1

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

		8 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Oct.	1,	70	74	75
	2,	67	68	64
	3,	57	60	60
	4,	63	65	67
	5,	66	67	68
	6,	60	64	60
	7,	65	68	70

Married.

On the 3d ult. at Jericho, Long Island, N. Y. by the Rev. Mr. N. E. Smith, Mr. Edward C. Pyle, of Richmond, Ia. to Miss Phebe Wright, of the former place.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Rafferty, Mr. Charles M. Boughton, formerly of New Haven, Ct. to Miss Ann E. Smiles, of this city.

In this city, in the Union M. E. Church, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Kennaday, the Rev. William Mullin, of the Philadelphia Annual Conference, to Miss Margaret E. Truitt, of Georgetown, Sussex county, Del.

At Georgetown, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Henry Harned, of this city, to Harriet M. daughter of Francis Parkerson, of the former place.

On the 17th of August, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Joel Hutton, of Lancaster county, to Miss Matilda Dempster, of this city.

On the 22d ult. by the Rev. John Street, Mr. Geo. W. Summers, to Miss Jane V. Veltheoven, both of this city.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. John McDowell, Mr. Levin S. Tarr, of the N. L. to Miss Anna M. Goode, of Spring Garden.

On 5th-day, 5th instant, at Friends' Meeting House, Mulberry street, Wm. H. Garrigues, of Stark county, Ohio, to Gulielma W. Humphreys, of this city.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. E. H. Buhre, Gottfried Hucke, to Miss Rosina Neidhers, all of this city.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Ezra S. Ely, D. D., Mr. James Callaghan, to Miss Rebecca Robeson, all of Spring Garden.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Joseph M. Lybrand, Mr. J. Engle Hinkson, of Chester, Del. county, to Miss Ann E. Pleasants, of Philadelphia.

In this city, on the 6th ult. by the Rev. Levi Storks, Mr. Thomas L. Vanderbeck, to Miss Harriet Applegate, both of Trenton, N. J.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Benj. F. Templeton, Walter J. F. Taylor, of Harrisburg, to Miss Anna S. Easton, of this city.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Geo. S. Davis, of this city, to Miss Almira S. Custer, of Spring Garden.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Jacob H. Nichols, Mr. Augustus Karstien, to Miss Elizabeth E. Beck, all of Southwark.

On the 2d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Stevens, Rector of St. Andrew's Church, Geo. W. Wootten, to Jane, daughter of Stephen Simmons, Esq. all of this city.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Levi Scott, Mr. Ferdinand Foster, to Miss Elizabeth H. daughter of David R. Green, formerly of Edgmont, Del. county.

Died.

On the 4th inst. at Whitty Hall, Philadelphia county, Martha G. Gruse, aged 62 years.
On the 6th inst. James McBride, aged 75 years.
On the 6th inst. Jacob Gouldy, aged 45 years.
On the 6th inst. John Lambert, aged 69 years.
On the 5th inst. Jacob K. Hierd, aged 24 years.
On the 5th inst. Sarah Lees, aged 19 years.
On the 6th inst. Mrs. Rebecca Keene, aged 60.
On the 5th inst. Henry Borart, Sr. aged 62 years.
On the 4th inst. Mr. John Kidd, aged 63 years.
On the 6th inst. Jane Hanna, aged 22 years.
On the 5th inst. Rebecca D. Conrow, aged 7 years and 6 months.
On the 2d inst. Mr. George Hunter, aged 61.
On the 5th inst. Eleanor, daughter of Samuel and Jane Fine, aged 6 years.
On the 5th inst. Sarah J. Maffit, aged 8 years and 9 months.
On the 4th inst. John M'Carthy, aged 46 years.
On the 4th inst. Mr. Edward Percival, aged 29.
On the 4th inst. William Nice, aged 61 years.
On the 4th inst. Martha Ann, wife of Jas. D. Maguire, aged 23 years.
On the 2d inst. George Hunter, aged 61 years.
On Wednesday evening, 4th inst. Samuel, infant son of John and Rebecca Halzell, in his 14th month.
At the Springhouse Tavern, Montgomery county, on the 30th ult. Mr. Samuel Baringer, aged 50.
At his residence, in Reading, Pa. on the 4th instant, Robert W. Packer, aged 38 years.
On the 4th inst. Mr. Charles Rose, aged 86 years.
On the 4th inst. Owen McEnroe, aged 71 years.
On the 3d inst. George Johnston, son of Robert Stern, aged 17 months.
On the 4th inst. Mrs. Sarah A. Sailer, aged 28.
On the 2d inst. Joseph Parsons, aged 45 years.
On Staten Island, the 3d inst. Andrew L. Eisenbut, of Philadelphia, aged 36 years.
On the 2d inst. Lawrence Garey, aged 24 years.
On the 3d inst. Mrs. Esther Barton, aged 82.
On the 2d inst. Mrs. Isabella McKenna, aged 72.
On the 2d inst. Mrs. Nancy Carlin, aged 57.
On the 3d instant, at Holmesburg, Mrs. Margaret Landis, aged 65 years.
On the 3d inst. Thomas Hazlet, aged 17 years.
On the 3d inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Graham, aged 63.
On the 3d inst. Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Wm. and Sarah Craig.
On the 2d inst. John P. Fritz, aged 2 years.
On the 1st inst. Com. James Biddle, of the U. S. Navy, aged 66 years.
On the 1st inst. Mrs. Rebecca Chambers, aged 67.
On the 2d instant, John Smith, son of John S. and Eleanor Warner, aged 13 months.

ELLEN PICKERING'S LAST NOVEL,
KATE WALSINGHAM.

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT OF THE LATE AUTHOR.

T. B. PETERSON, No. 98 CHESNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, has just published *KATE WALSINGHAM. A NOVEL.* BY MISS ELLEN PICKERING. Author of the "Orphan Niece," "Agnes Serle," "The Secret Foe," "The Heiress," "Nan Darrell," "Who Shall be Heir," "The Merchant's Daughter," "The Quiet Husband," "The Fright," "The Expectant," "The Prince and Pedlar," "Cousin Hinton," "The Squire," ect., etc. Three volumes complete in one; printed from new type, and on the finest white paper; price 25 cents, or five copies for One Dollar.

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Any five of the above novels of Miss Pickering will be sent to any place for One Dollar. Send all orders to T. B. PETERSON, No. 98 CHESNUT STREET

oc14-3t*

ANOTHER MAMMOTH NUMBER FOR NOVEMBER—

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for NOVEMBER, 72 PAGES. 40 CONTRIBUTORS, and 40 ENGRAVINGS.

Some of the peculiarities of the Lady's Book, that are not be found in the other magazines:

First is the number of pages, being 24 more than most of them—a BEAUTIFUL MEZZOTINT, a FINE LINE ENGRAVING, and a Colored FASHION PLATE; with a full description of

The PLATE and the FASHION for the Month,
Caps, Chemisettes, &c., in no other magazine.
Music, printed separately, on tinted paper, do.
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Model Cottages, do.
Health and Beauty, do.
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Address L. A. GODEY, No. 113 Chesnut St., Philadelphia.

oc14-1t

GODEY'S ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1849. *THE LADY'S BOOK.*

Agreeably to the practice of last year, the publisher will issue as good a number each month as he does in January. This is a novel feature in Magazine publishing. During the whole of last year he gave more engravings and more reading matter than any of his contemporaries, and will continue to do so next year. Those who subscribe to GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, may do so under the assurance that they will receive more for their money in the Magazine alone than by subscribing to any other work. To this is added and included in the same $3, the LADY'S DOLLAR NEWSPAPER, which contains in one month nearly, if not quite as much reading matter as the other Monthlies. There are peculiarities about Godey's Lady's Book for the Ladies, that no other magazine possesses. There is a Mezzotint and Line Engraving in each number—both by the best artists. There is a Colored Fashion Plate, with a full description. This feature is peculiar to Godey, as no other magazine has them every month. Then there is a plate of Caps, Bonnets, Chemisettes—Equestrianism for Ladies, with Engravings. The Ladies' Work Table, with designs for knitting, netting, crotchet, and all other kinds of work. Patterns for Smoking Caps, Chair Covers, D'Oyley's, Purses, Bags, &c. &c. Health and Beauty, with engravings. Model Cottages, with ground plans, and other engravings, always illustrative of something useful. Music, beautifully printed on tinted paper, which may be taken out and bound. Colored Modern Cottages and Colored Flower Pieces occasionally.

The literary portion of the Book is the contribution of the first Male and Female authors in America—among whom may be mentioned, Miss Leslie, Mrs Hale and Grace Greenwood.

TERMS.

1 copy one year and the Lady's Dollar Newspaper, 3 publications in one month,	$3
2 copies without the paper,	5
5 copies,	10
8 copies,	15
12 copies,	20

The Book will be sent four months for $1, and any single copy for 25 cts.—postage to be paid on all orders.

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oc14-1t

HANOVER LANDING, on the Ohio, will be offered at *Public Sale* on the premises, on Tuesday, the 24th of October. It is a *very* healthy, cheerful residence. Has a front on the river 220 perches, and a full view of it 8 miles. It has, say 170 acres, one-third in cultivation, the balance in valuable wood for steamboats. The mail and other steamboats stop daily near the door. It has a *large brick house*, 14 rooms, portico, porches, &c. 400 choice graft fruit trees in full bearing. It is 4 miles from Madison, Indiana, 1 from Hanover College, 100 from Cincinnati, and 40 from Louisville. It would suit for a Female Boarding School or a person who has sons to educate. *Title clear*—possession immediately. Terms—one-third cash in hand, the balance 1 and 2 years satisfactorily. (oc7-2t*) A. HAYS.

WILMINGTON BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

THE WINTER SESSION of this Institution commences on the 1st of the 10th month, (October,) and continues six months. The Summer Session commences on the 1st of the 5th month, (May,) and continues four months.

DUBRE KNIGHT, Principal.

Wilmington, Del. 1848. oct 7-3t*

T. S. ARTHUR'S NEW WORK. AGNES; OR, THE POSSESSED. A REVELATION OF MESMERISM. By T. S. ARTHUR, author of "Love in a Cottage," "Lucy Sandford, a Story of the Heart," "Insubordination; or, the Shoemaker's Daughters," is this day published in one fine Octavo Volume, neatly done up in a strong paper cover. Price 25 cents, or five copies for One Dollar. They will be sent to any place by return of mail, on remitting the amount for them to the publisher, in a letter, post-paid. Published and for sale by T. B. PETERSON, NO. 98 CHESNUT ST., PHILA.

sep 30-3t

PAPER HANGINGS, No. 118 CHESNUT ST.

THE SUBSCRIBERS HAVING PURCHASED the stock and business of the late firm of Isaac Pugh & Co., respectfully solicit the public generally to call and examine their stock, consisting of every variety of style and description of paper and price, both foreign and domestic.

It is useless to enumerate styles, qualities or terms. Suffice it to say we consider our papers equal to any made in this country. Call and satisfy yourselves.

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aug5-6m

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For each subsequent insertion,	$1,00
For one square, 6 months,	$30,00
For one square, a year,	$40,00

Payment is required in advance.

THE LEADING PERIODICAL OF AMERICA.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, FOR 1849

GEORGE R. GRAHAM,
JOSEPH R. CHANDLER, } EDITORS
JAS. BAYARD TAYLOR,

ON THE 10TH OF DECEMBER NEXT, THE JANUARY NUMBER OF GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE—the first number of the New Volume, will be ready for the mails and shipment to Agents.—The Publishers and Editors, while expressing satisfaction in the extraordinary success with which their efforts to elevate the character of the Periodical Literature of the Country have been crowned, respectfully offer a statement of their preparations for the New Volume. It is well known, that no other Magazine ever published in the English language, has presented such an array of illustrious contributors.

ALLSTON, BRYANT, COOPER, DANA, HOFFMAN, HERBERT, GRATTAN, LONGFELLOW, PAULDING, WILLIS, WILDE,

constitute alone, a corps greater than any ever before engaged for a single work. An examination of our last volumes will show that these distinguished writers have all furnished for this miscellany, articles equal to the best they have given to the world. They, with our other old contributors, will continue to enrich our pages with their productions; and several eminent authors who have not hitherto appeared in our pages, will hereafter be added to the list. Of course, therefore, all attempts to compete with Graham's Magazine, in its literary character, will be unsuccessful. In every department, the highest talent in the country will be enlisted, and no effort spared to maintain its present reputation as the

LEADING LITERARY PERIODICAL OF AMERICA.

IN ARTISTIC MERIT,

Graham's Magazine has always maintained the very first rank, and has never been approached by any periodical of the day. The engravings are not only all by the first masters, but combine beauty with utility, and are generally of high value and interest, as witness, our

"*Portraits of Authors,*" "*Portraits of Army Heroes,*" "*Southern and Western Rivers,*" "*American Battle Grounds,*" "*Indian Portraiture and Scenes,*" *besides the choicest gems from* "*New Paintings,*"

Executed in the very highest style of Art, by our corps of engravers. It is, perhaps, the easiest thing in the world to fill the pages of a Magazine with wood cuts and worn out engravings, and to swell in a magnificent announcement, the number and subjects engraved, but the delusion fades when the cheat is seen.—The practice is neither desirable nor wise, but the works of Art, which are fresh from the burins of distinguished artists, bear a stamp upon them, which the most uncultivated taste can at once discern.

GRAHAM'S MAGNIFICENT ENGRAVINGS,

Have had the test and touch-stone of merit applied to them, and the volumes which year after year grace the parlor of the elegant, the library of the man of taste and leisure, and the work table of beauty, all over the land, in hall and cottage, attest their value and appreciation.

ITS HIGH LITERARY CHARACTER

Is at once seen by the following list of distinguished writers who contribute to it:

James K. Paulding, author of "The Dutchman's Fireside," "Westward Ho!" etc., etc.
Fitz Greene Halleck, author of "Fanny," "Alnwick Castle," &c.
James Fenimore Cooper, author of "The Spy," "The Pilot," "The Pioneers," "Naval History," "Home, as Found," "The American Democrat," &c.
Richard H. Dana, author of "The Buccaneers," "The Idle Man," "Discourses on Shakspeare," &c.
William Cullen Bryant, author of "The Ages," "The Fountain, and other Poems," &c.
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Charles Fenno Hoffman, author of "Wild Scenes in the Forest and the Prairie," "A Winter in the West," "Greyslaer," &c.
William Falconer, author of "Translations from Cotemporary French and German Poets," "Residence in the Isle of France," &c.
Henry William Herbert, author of "Cromwell," "The Brothers," "The Maid of Orleans," "Ringwood the Rover," "Marmaduke Wyvil," &c.
H. T. Tuckerman, author of "Rambles and Reveries," "Isabelle, or Sicily," &c.
Theodore S. Fay, author of "Norman Leslie," "The Countess Ida," &c.
John H. Mancur, author of "Henri Quatre, or the Days of the League," &c.
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James Russell Lowell, author of "A Year's Life, and other Poems," "Old English Dramatists," &c.
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"F. E. F," author of "The Marriage of Convenience," &c.
Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, author of "Mary Derwent," &c., &c.
Mrs. E. C. Kinney.
Mrs. Joseph C. Neal.
Mrs. Emma Duval.

And many more, whom our space will not permit us to mention.

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Graham's Magazine, without doubt or question, is the most popular and elegant periodical that has ever been published in the United States. It has never occupied, from the first hour of its existence, for a single moment, a doubtful position in the mediocrity of success—but conducted upon manly principles, and with enlightened views in regard to the public taste and judgment, it has received the most unequivocal stamp of public regard and approval. The policy adopted in many of the periodicals, which now swarm the country like locusts for a brief season, living by a species of plunder upon the credulity of distant subscribers, who deluded by spurious promises, awake to the deceptive force used upon them, with the first number received, is too pitiful and dishonest to be ever profitable.

Graham's Magazine has not started for a day, nor a year, but for a generation, to pass from that, we hope, into the household of a succeeding one, as an heir loom to be cherished and perpetuated. It is this belief that has always controlled its management, and the advantage of such policy is seen in its permanent character, in the midst of the decay of the scores which, vainly attempting to match it, have died, or are breathing a sickly existence under the shade of its name and popularity. *It is superior in every way. In size—having given more reading matter than any cotemporary. In literary excellence. In artistic and pictorial beauty. In typographical execution—and it is certainly and punctually delivered.*

TERMS.

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The Magazine will be continued on, either to the subscribers themselves or to the agents through whom we may receive the orders for quantities, and to whom the package or packages may be directed, or to both, if there should be both in the same town, as the case may be. Address,

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sep16-3m

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TO YOUNG MEN OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.

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We have prepared this volume at great expense; the type large, clear and handsome; paper smooth and white; binding strong and substantial; engravings neat and appropriate. This work is decidedly the cheapest and the most popular ever issued from the American press; and from the orders already received for it, we are satisfied it is destined to have an immense sale throughout our vast extended country. From peculiar circumstances we are enabled to offer this book low to book pedlars, postmasters, and others, who may feel disposed to act as agents.

As the publisher is desirous of giving this useful Family Work a very extensive circulation, he offers the most liberal inducements to Agents, and is satisfied that any man of good address can make from $5 to $10 a day from the sale of it. There is scarcely a town or village in the Union but will furnish more or less subscribers. A small capital of from $25 to $50 will be necessary to make a commencement. ☞ No letters attended to unless the postage is paid. For further particulars, address

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☞ Newspapers copying the above (including this notice,) and giving it eight insertions, shall receive any of the bound volumes, which retail at from $2,50 to $3 per volume. Send only one paper, directed as above. oc14-4t

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Where ample space is given for the display of BOOKS, classified in such a manner, that the *Theologian, Lawyer, Farmer, Medical Man, Mechanic, or School Teacher,* Can at once find the Books they are in want of. The LADY in search of MISCELLANEOUS READING, the LAWYER desiring a new work, or the SCHOOL BOY wishing his GRAMMAR or SPELLING BOOK, can at once find their way, without being guided through the labyrinth of a Bookstore.

The Proprietor has endeavored so to arrange the Store, that each visitor may feel as much at home, as he is in his own house or library.

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And purchases at the Trade Sales in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, at the LOWEST PRICES, so that he is enabled to offer to the

READING PUBLIC GENERALLY,

A *Bookstore*, in which every variety of Books is kept, and which will be sold at the *Lowest Prices.*

He returns his sincere thanks for the very flattering and liberal patronage bestowed upon him for the last *six years* in his former location, and trusts that all will find their way to his new *Bookstore*, at the Corner of Seventh and Chesnut Streets.

☞ A Catalogue of BOOKS for Sale at the Lowest Prices, (many at less than HALF PRICE,) is this day issued, and delivered GRATIS. oct 7-2t

I. O. OF O. F.

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J. W. & E. D. STOKES,
No 194 Market Street below Sixth Street.
Manufacturers of Regalia, Robes, Costumes, &c.
FOR LODGES AND ENCAMPMENTS,

WOULD call the attention of those purchasing Regalia to their assortment, which is large, well selected and cheap; comprising a great variety of styles and qualities adapted to every degree and position in the Order. sep30 tf

J. W. & E. D. Stokes have also on hand a large and well selected stock of superior cloths, cassimeres and vestings suited to the season, which will be made up to order in the most fashionable styles. The attention of the citizens of Philadelphia, and of merchants and others visiting Philadelphia, is respectfully called to their assortment, as they feel confident they can give satisfaction to those who may favor them with a visit.

BURLINGTON BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

THE winter session will commence on the first day of the 11th month (November.) For circulars stating terms and other particulars, apply to SAMUEL J. GUMMERE.

Burlington, N. J., 9 mo. sep23-6t

ROGERS' COACH FACTORY,
N. E. Corner Sixth and Brown Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

WHERE CARRIAGES of every description are built to order and for sale, which for *Style, Durability* and elegance of *Finish* can not be surpassed by any in the *country.* Workmen of celebrity are engaged and the best materials used.

Southern and Western Merchants will find it to their advantage to call at this establishment, as the proprietor is a Practical Coach Maker, and having worked in the best shops in this and in other countries, flatters himself that the tastes of all persons can be suited, the work being executed under his immediate inspection. Orders from any part of the country promptly attended to. ap 29-1y*

N. B.—Omnibusses run from the exchange past the factory every few minutes. WM. D. ROGERS.

WATCHES, JEWELRY, AND SILVER WARE.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS A VERY SUperior assortment of goods in the above line, to which he would invite the attention of the public. His facilities for procuring his watches, &c., are such as to enable him to retail as low as some of the so called cheap stores pay at wholesale. Instead of buying on time, his practice is to purchase at nett cash, whereby a large discount is saved. The public may be assured that all articles sold by him will prove to be what they are sold for, or they may be returned. The price always being governed by the quality.

Watches	Gold Lever, full jewelled, 18 carat cases, from	$35 00 to 100 00
	" Lepine " from	25 00 to 40 00
	Silver Levers, " from	17 00 to 35 00
	Plain and Lepine, " from	6 00 to 14 00

Jewelry of his own manufacture, of every variety, and fine Gold Pencils from $1.25 to 12.00. Gold Pens from $1.00 upwards. Gold Chains, Bracelets, Pins, Rings, Miniature-frames, &c., of the finest quality and lowest prices.

Silver Ware of every description. The attention of the public is particularly invited to this article—consisting in part of Spoons, Forks, Ladles, Butter Knives, &c. Teaspoons as low as $4.50 per set. The subscriber takes especial care to have all his Silver Ware made exclusively of standard silver. Cake Baskets, Castors, Britania Ware, &c., of the latest patterns and finest finish. S. M. HOPPER, No. 86 Chesnut street, between Second and Third, (south side) Phila. june 3-1y

CHEAP LEATHER STORE, NO. 67 CHESNUT Street, between SECOND and THIRD Streets, Philadelphia. The subscribers have constantly on hand, a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHERS, suitable for BOOT and SHOE MAKERS, SADDLERS, HARNESS and COACH MAKERS, BOOK BINDERS, HATTERS, &c.

Also, RED and OAK TAN SOLE LEATHER and FRENCH CALF SKINS.

JOHN H. CHAMBERS & CO. Successors to ANDREW R. CHAMBERS. nov 13-1y

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

WASHINGTON, 27 Dec., 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age. J. Q. ADAMS.

THE Publishers of the LIVING AGE annex a Prospectus of that work, and solicit to it the attention of the readers of the Saturday Evening Post. They who wish to accomplish much in their generation must take a large view of what is passing around them—they must look over the whole of the age they live in, and grow with it.

PROSPECTUS.

☞ This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but, while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*—these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University, New Monthly, Fraser's, Tait's, Ainsworth's, Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers's* admirable *Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood, and will greatly multiply our connections, as merchants, travellers, and politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of *the movement*—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their wives and children.—We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite *must* be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

TERMS.

The LIVING AGE is published every Saturday, by E. Littell & Co., corner of Tremont and Bromfield streets, Boston; Price, twelve and a half cents a number, or six dollars a year, in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to.

To insure regularity in mailing the work, orders should be addressed to the *office of publication*, as above.

Clubs, paying a year in advance, will be supplied as follows:

Four copies for	$20
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Twelve copies for	50

Complete sets, handsomely bound, and packed in neat boxes, are for sale at $2 a vol.

Any volume may be had separately at two dollars, bound, or a dollar and a half in numbers.

Any number may be had for twelve and a half cents; and it may be worth while for subscribers or purchasers to complete any broken volumes they may have, and thus greatly enhance their value.

AGENCIES.

We are desirous of making arrangements, in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work; and for doing this, a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

POSTAGE.

When sent with the cover on, the Living Age consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at four and a half cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, one and a half cents. We add the definition alluded to:

A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

MONTHLY PARTS.

For such as prefer it in that form, the Living Age is put up in Monthly Parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing *in each part* double the matter of any of the Quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the Monthly part is about fourteen cents. The *volumes* are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a Quarterly Review gives in eighteen months.

☞ Published at six dollars a year, by E. LITTELL & Co., *Boston.* 1t

HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

College Building located in the rear of 229 Arch St., Philadelphia.

PRELIMINARY INSTRUCTIONS WILL commence on Monday, the sixteenth day of October. The regular course will begin on Monday, the sixth day of November, and continue until the first of March ensuing.

Jacob Jeanes, M. D., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine.
Caleb B. Matthews, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica.
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Matthew Semple, M. D., Professor of Chemistry.
Wm. A. Gardiner, M. D., Professor of Anatomy.

The Chairs of Physiology and Pathology remain to be filled.

Clinical instruction in Medicine and Surgery will be given at the College.

Lectures will be delivered throughout the year, but the winter course only will be obligatory—attendance on the summer course being at the option of the student.

Standard works on Homœopathy and such books as are generally used in other Medical Schools can be used as text books.

Fee for a full course,	$100.00
Practical Anatomy,	10.00
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Dean of the Faculty,
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OAKFORD'S UNRIVALLED STYLE OF HATS FOR GENTLEMEN.
CHARLES OAKFORD,

No. 104 *CHESNUT STREET, Philadelphia*, would respectfully invite attention to his superior style of Hats for autumn, 1848; which will be found the most perfect ever before offered to the community. Its peculiar forms renders it the more desirable, as it combines all the essentials of durability and neatness, requisite in that article of dress, whilst his increased facilities in manufacturing, with all the modern improvements, enables him TO CHALLENGE THE WORLD to produce a better Hat.

CHILDREN'S FANCY HATS AND CAPS OF THE LATEST MODE.—These goods have been selected with great care, and will be found most beautiful and chaste in their styles.

LADIES' RIDING HATS AND CAPS OF ENTIRELY NEW PATTERNS.—Great care has been bestowed in constructing these articles, that they may fit perfectly easy, and form a graceful appearance.

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A FEW DOORS ABOVE THIRD, PHILADELPHIA,

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OLD FRANKLIN HALL.—We know of no better way of benefitting our numerous subscribers than by calling their attention to the CHEAP and mammoth stock of CLOTHING at No. 169 Chesnut street corner of Franklin Place. This very large stock consists of every style and quality, while the prices are far below those of any other store in the city. Their motto is quick sales and small profits. By this means they have outstripped all others in the quantity of Clothing they have sold, if you wish to purchase Clothing good and cheap, do not neglect calling at

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No. 169 Chesnut St., corner of Franklin Place.

N. B. Country merchants and strangers visiting the city will please call and examine ap 29-1y

CAUTION.

THE GREAT CELEBRITY WHICH MY Eau Lustrale Hair Restorative has acquired in Philadelphia, and throughout the United States, and the great demand that I have for the article, have prompted some unprincipled persons to get up an article of the same name, and in every outward appearance perfectly similar. The label is a perfect fac simile of my own. The subscriber would be above noticing such baseness, but is obliged to do so to put his customers upon their guard, as the whole style of the article is well calculated to deceive. Be careful to look that the NAME OF JULES HAUEL be on the label.

JULES HAUEL, 120 Chesnut street.

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Its effects are perfectly astonishing—its results are certain. Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by jy29-1y JULES HAUEL, Perfumer and Chemist, 120 Chesnut street, 4th door below Fourth, south side.

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Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, 18 carat cases,	$30 and over
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Fine Gold Rings,	37½ cents to $80

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Watch Glasses, best quality—plain 12½ cents, patent 18¾, lunet 25.

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Constantly on hand, a full assortment of fine Gold Jewelry and Silver-ware. Also an assortment of M. J. Tobias & Co., E. Simpson, Samuell & Brothers, E. S. Yates & Co., John Harrison, G. & R. Beesley, and other superior Patent Lever Movements which will be cased any style desired.

Arrangements have been made with all the above celebrated makers, the best manufacturers of Liverpool, to furnish at short notice any required style of Watch, for which orders will be taken and the name and residence of the person ordering put on if requested.

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No. 96 North SECOND Street,
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REMOVAL.
E. & A. BAKER, MANUFACTURERS OF JEWELLERY,

HAS Removed from No. 7 Cherry Street, to No. 57 NORTH FOURTH, corner of Branch Street, where dealers in Jewellery will find constantly on hand and manufacturing a general assortment of Jewellery, which will be sold on the most reasonable terms.

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.
A MAMMOTH PAPER.

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THIS PAPER CONTAINS FROM ONE-FOURTH TO ONE-HALF MORE THAN THE GENERALITY OF TWO DOLLAR CITY WEEKLIES.

The Proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST return their sincere thanks to their friends and the public, for the patronage extended to them since the enlargement of their paper; and respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. The belief expressed in their last Prospectus, that the POST is destined to take its stand at the very head of the weekly press, is fast becoming realized. The reason of this is in a great degree, to be found in the stand the POST has always taken against the *immoral* literature of the day. The public have felt, in the language of the North American and United States Gazette, of this city, that "*The POST has done much towards correcting the taste of the newspaper reading public.*"

TERMS.

The terms to single subscribers are $2.00 per annum, in advance; $3.00, if not paid in advance.—For $5.00 in advance, one copy will be sent 3 years.

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In order to accommodate the large number who wish to take a first class paper, but mistakingly think they cannot afford it, we continue the following low terms for Clubs—to be sent, in the city, to one address; and, in the country, to one Post Office:

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☞ Editors copying the above, or who will give a fair notice of the paper (we ask not that it shall be *praised*, but be *noticed*) in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange. Such as are already entitled to an exchange for the current year, shall receive our thanks.

N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST, as a sample, can be accommodated by notifying the Publishers by letter, *post paid.*

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE SATURDAY POST.—We have to congratulate our friends Edmund Deacon & Henry Peterson, upon the elegant appearance of their enlarged paper, which is now the very pearl of the literary weeklies. The literary reputation of the Saturday Post is widely known, and its circulation has been steadily increasing. It has our sincerest good wishes for its success, *for we think it has done much towards correcting the taste of the newspaper reading public.—Phila. North American and United States Gazette.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST *is now the best paper of the kind that comes under our observation.—Franklin Democrat, Greenfield, Mass.*

WE HAVE always considered the Post as one of the best of papers, filled with good reading, and not the trash with which a number of the city papers abound.—*Chicopee Telegraph.*

THE ORIGINAL and selected articles of the Post are *generally better than those in any other paper.* If any of our readers wish the best general weekly in the country, we say subscribe for the *Post.*—*Syracuse Democrat.*

THE POST may justly be called the handsomest, best, and cheapest paper in the United States.—*Niagara Iris.*

ONE OF THE regular excellencies of this paper consists in the high moral tone running through its editorials and selections, which make it a valuable fireside companion.—*Centre Democrat.*

THE POST always ranked among the best family Newspapers of the country, and now that it is decidedly the largest and most handsome, will soon take the lead of its contemporaries.—*Reading (Pa.) Gazette.*

THE POST is one of the few literary papers of the day, in the columns of which discrimination is made as to the moral character and tendency of the literary matter published.—*Allegheny County Advocate.*

ALTHOUGH THE POST was, before its enlargement, the best family paper in our exchange list, and in fact the best one we know of, still we think it has been greatly improved. The dress of the paper cannot well be surpassed; its typographical appearance is clear and bold. We have no hesitation in saying that the Post is decidedly *the best and cheapest weekly paper published.*—*Catskill (N. Y.) Messenger.*

THE POST came to us last week enlarged *eight entire columns*, and looking most splendid! There is no question but that it is the *best* family newspaper published in Philadelphia.—*Northern Democrat, Montrose, Pa.*

WE REPEAT the expression of our opinion that the Post is the best paper of its class in Philadelphia.—*Penna. Republican, York, Pa.*

SATURDAY EVENING POST.—This old and splendid weekly has recently been enlarged to the genuine mammoth size, has acquired strength and spirit since its enlargement, and is now one of the raciest and most original Weeklies ever issued in the United States, or the world. The amount and variety of talent employed on its columns, when we consider its extremely low price, is really surprising. The number for the present week is spicy with wit and sparkling with genius.—*Philada. Sun.*

SATURDAY EVENING POST.—Not the least interesting portion of this paper to us, is to be found in its editorials, which are always written with ability, a fearless frankness in regard to the right, and an utter disregard of the world's wrong opinions, which mark a mind well-balanced and true. The Post keeps a steady march in the way of increase of subscribers, as we know—a success it well deserves from its own merits.—*North American and United States Gazette.*

AS A FAMILY journal, it is surpassed by none with which we are acquainted.—*Independent Delawarean.*

"O TEMPORA! O MORES!"—CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.—The only genuine "DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY," has the written signature of the General Agent, W. M. SPEAR, on the outside wrapper surrounding each bottle; this is believed to be the only article, bearing the above title, as emanating from the Doctor. The virtues of the Wild Cherry, for relieving affections of the Lungs, and that all-important organ, the Liver, has long enjoyed the confidence of domestic practice.

City of Philadelphia, ss.—William M. Spear, of the city of Philadelphia, being duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is in the possession of the original recipe for preparing a Balsam of Wild Cherry for affections of the Lungs, which was given to him by Dr. Wistar, a regularly educated Physician, and that he believes it to be the only one in possession of any person except the said Dr. Wistar himself.

W. M. SPEAR.

Sworn and subscribed before me, and city seal affixed, on the 1st day of November, A. D., 1847.

[L. S.] JOHN SWIFT, Mayor.

A copyright of the Balsam is secured.

Absurd as it may appear in the face of the above undeniable proof, an individual from Boston, Massachusetts, recently applied to the United States District Court of Pennsylvania for an injunction on the general Agent for the United States and the British Provinces, to prevent said Agent from selling the only genuine Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, (said individual claiming the right.) Of course the Hon. Judge of said Court promptly refused it.

The Balsam is not one of the quack nostrums of the day, claiming to cure persons whose cases are beyond the reach of medicine; for restoring others to life; it only claims, and has proved in thousands of cases, to be the first, most efficacious, and only genuine preparation of Wild Cherry of the nineteenth century, for affections of the Lungs, Liver and Kidneys, frequently terminating in Consumption, ever offered to the public.

A liberal discount to Druggists and Country Dealers.

Look well to the marks of the genuine.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

I have this day appointed T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 132 North Second St., Philadelphia, Wholesale Furnishing Agents, for the (only genuine) *DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY*, for the following States, viz.: New York, New England States, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia.

Also, for the interior of Pennsylvania. All orders for the Balsam will hereafter be addressed to them.

Also for sale, wholesale and retail, by WILLIAM M SPEAR, No. 146 VINE Street, below Fifth, Philadelphia. General Agent for the United States and the British Provinces, for the (only genuine) Dr Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

WM. M. SPEAR.

Philadelphia, March 27th, 1848.

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IMPROVEMENT IN WARMING AND VENTILATING HOUSES.—E. M. FELTWELL, late Lloyd & Feltwell, No. 486 Market street, (Girard Stores) between 12th and 13th, is agent for the celebrated Culver Cast Iron Furnaces.

He manufactures also, and has constantly for sale, Cooking Ranges, Bath Boilers, Summer Ovens, Grates and Stoves.

Also, Furnaces of different kinds, Registers and Ventilators of the newest and best patterns. Cast Iron Gas or Smoke Pipe, with a large assortment of Cooking and Parlor Stoves, all warranted to be of the best material, well made, and to meet the purposes they are intended for. E. M. FELTWELL,

jy29-3m Late Lloyd & Feltwell, 486 Market street.

LIVER COMPLAINT.—The symptoms are uneasiness and pain in the right side, and soreness upon touch immediately under the inferior ribs, inability to lie upon the left side, or, if at all able a dragging sensation is produced which seriously affects respiration, causing very often a troublesome cough; together with these symptoms, we perceive a coated tongue, acidity of the stomach, deficiency of perspiration, and sometimes a sympathetic pain in the right shoulder, with great drowsiness and depression of spirits, and sometimes sores in the mouth and throat, and very frequently Jaundice and Dropsy. The symptoms, if permitted to continue, will eventually produce that most baneful disease Consumption.—In fact, a majority of such cases originate from the irritating cause before mentioned. Cathartic medicines must in every case be avoided in the treatment.

JAUNDICE is a disease of which the principal symptom is *yellowness of the skin and eyes*, with high colored urine, and clay colored fæces. It arises from various causes, anything which obstructs the bile in its course so that it is taken into the blood, produces the yellowness of surface; in ordinary cases one or two bottles will effectually remove it, and make the skin clear and healthy; at this season such medicine is invaluable, it removes the cause of all fevers, and the danger of contracting the diseases of Summer and Autumn.

THE YELLOW FEVER of warm climates is only a variety of "Jaundice" depending upon irritation of the Gastro-intestinal surface; by the frequent use of these Bitters that disease can always be prevented.

DYSPEPSIA. The symptoms are very various—those affecting the stomach alone are nausea, heart-burn, loss of appetite, sense of fullness or weight in the stomach, sinking or fluttering in the pit of the stomach, sour eructations, sudden flushes of heat, frightful dreams, cold feet, pains in the limbs, through the chest, &c. The sympathetic affections are very diversified.

NERVOUS DEBILITY. It generally accompanies Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia. The symptoms are *fluttering at the heart, a choking or suffocating sensation when in a lying posture, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, constant imaginings of evil, and great depression of spirits.*

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Selected Poetry.

POETS.

BY JAMES [illegible] GRANT.

Poets are a [illegible] race!
O'er the [illegible] earth they go,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Poets are a [illegible] race!
O'er the weary earth they go,
[illegible] many a [illegible] place
Nature never [illegible];
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Poets are a gifted race!
If their gifts aright they knew;
Fallen splendor, perished grace,
Their enchantments can renew;
They have power o'er day and night;
Life, with all its joys and cares—
Death, with all its bloom and blight—
Tears and transports—all are theirs!

Poets are a wayward race!
Lonelier still when 'mid others,
They can find in every place
Joys and sorrows of their own;
Grieved or glad by fitful starts,
Pangs they feel that no one shares,
And a joy can fill their hearts
That can fill no hearts but theirs.

Poets are a mighty race!
They can reach to times unborn;
They can brand the vile and base
With undying hate and scorn;
They can ward detraction's blow;
They oblivion's tide can stem;
And the good and brave must owe
Immortality to them!

Selected Articles.

AN UNKNOWN REPUBLIC.

Among the highest recesses of the Pyrenees there exist two small republics, having scarcely any dependence on, or connection with, the monarchy of Spain on the one hand, or the newly-got-up Republic of France on the other. One of these—Andorre—is not unknown to the world; but the other, which is of considerable less extent and population, may never probably have been heard of in England. Goust, as this obscure little commonwealth is termed, has its locale at the southern extremity of the valley of Ossau, or rather the track which leads to it there begins. This track winds along the face of a steep, through forests, rocks, and clouds, till the stranger, faint and dizzy, begins to fancy that he is in the nightmare, climbing some miraculous bean-stalk. But courage! Goust is no cumbrous power: it is full of the ease and dignity of peace; and at every step you find traces of bygone generations. Here the corner of the cliff is rounded; there a rustic seat invites you to rest for a moment; and again the hewn trunk of a tree affords you passage over some mountain torrent. Pleasant is it for the wayfaring man to pause in such a place; to feel the sunbeams showering upon him through the trees; to drink of the sparkling waters, with his hand for a cup; to lean over the precipice, and watch them leaping in mad joy into a bottomless abyss; to listen to their voice as it mingles with the singing of birds; and to see in imagination the distant world below, with all its paltry cares and mean ambitions. And more than pleasant for him is it to resume the journey after such a pause, to stride forward like a giant refreshed, and to feel that his spirit belongs to that upper region to which his feet are hastening.

The apex of the mountain is at length sufficiently near to be discerned above your head, for you are now between three and four thousand feet from the level of the valley, and a beautiful and yet fantastic scene it presents. Instead of the naked rocks you might have expected, a green coronal hangs upon the peak; and this, as you approach, resolves into trees and bushes, and gardens and fields, forming a little fairy oasis, belonging more to the air than the earth. This is the domain of Goust; and in the midst of these trees are its ten houses, inhabited, by its population of fifty souls.

We cannot answer for the exact number of the people; but we know that the number of the houses has been the same through all tradition. Indeed the permanence of everything at Goust is its most striking characteristic; and in the present age of revolution, it may be worth while to try to ascertain the cause. As for the government of the community, we are not prepared to say that it has any definite form at all. At anyrate there is no council-chamber, no parliament, no justice-room. Certain voices are listened to with respect and obedience, but age appears to be the sole qualification. At Goust all intellects are alike, the sole difference being made by experience. A man of a hundred years of age is wiser than a lad of fifty or sixty; and indeed till the first-mentioned age is attained, the judgment can hardly be reckoned mature. Centenarians are the rule amongst the old men, not the exception; and Dr. Cayet, the chronicler of the place, who writes in 1605, mentions the death in that year of an individual who was born in 1480.

The religion of Goust has neither priest nor temple; but, except when they are shut up by the snow during winter, the inhabitants do not suffer the isolation of their position to deprive them of spiritual comfort. Laruns is the grand centre of the Christianity of the country; and thither, on great occasions, descend the population of the peaks and precipices of this portion of the Pyrenees. At Laruns they are baptized, married, and buried; for people die some time or other even at Goust. Lovers walk to the distant Church to become husband and wife, and infants are carried thither to be made Christians; but the dead, who cannot walk, and whom it would be difficult to carry along a descending path cut in the face of an almost perpendicular cliff, require some contrivance. They are made to slide down the precipice, and the mourners follow, having hold of a rope attached to the coffin. When the path at length becomes more practicable for a funeral procession, the cortege is met by a priest, and they take their way, with holy hymns, to the cemetery of Laruns.

But these are not the sole visits of our republicans to the lower world. They carry milk and vegetables even to the Eaux-Chaudes, and may be seen trafficking for luxuries, comforts, or necessaries in the most distant corners of the valley of Ossau. There is, indeed, one commodity—luxury, comfort, and necessary in one—the search for which brings every young man of Goust into the valley at one time or other. At home there are young girls enough, but all are within the prohibited degrees of consanguinity, and it is necessary to go abroad for a wife. Down, therefore, they plunge—these adventurous bachelors—like angels (Thomas Moore's) coming to woo the daughters of men; and casting the eagle glance of the mountaineer round this Temple of the Pyrenees, they are not long of singling out their destined bargain. The marriage takes place, as we have said, at Laruns; and then comes the young wife's expedition, undertaken probably for the first time, into the cloudland which is henceforward to be her home. As she ascends farther and farther from the level earth, and the path becomes narrower and steeper, she clings closer and closer, it may be supposed, to the arm she has selected for her support in the journey of life. The valley beneath is already covered with tumbling clouds, and she is terrified to look back upon the dizzy path by which she has climbed out of the vapor. Forward—forward—is her only hope; her destiny is fixed beyond recall; the metaphors of poetry are to her substantial facts. But how beautiful is the oasis that at length rewards her labor! How deep is the feeling of security with which her lately quaking heart is filled! And how strange the next morning is the silence of the desert air, which awakens her with a start and a thrill! But her dream is interrupted by the hungry yet joyous cries of the household for breakfast; and in half an hour the young girl of Ossau is converted into the thrifty, thoughtful, methodical, hard-working matron of Goust.

This incident is fertile in consequences; for the union of the two families does not end here. The adventurous brother of the bride follows her steps, both in affection and curiosity, to see what strange abiding-place the soaring fancy of his sister has chosen. Among the curiosities of the place, his eye rests upon a rich warm cheek and flashing eye, which has the same effect upon him—for love delights in contrasts—which the pale and pensive face of the girl of the valley produced upon the heart of the mountaineer. The one damsel descends as willingly as the other climbed; and by and bye the daughter of Goust becomes the wife of Ossau. Thus are knit together by kindred sympathies the two extremes of the region, and sweet thoughts and loving memories fly backwards and forwards, like doves, between heaven and earth. Thus, too, the principle of population is regulated, and the human ebb and flow goes far towards keeping the numbers of the oasis at an average which has remained steady for ages.

But when this equilibrium is interrupted by circumstances—when, for instance, there come some additional mouths, which threaten, when they grow larger, to exist the commons of the hamlet—then appears the wisdom of the government of Goust. A boy, perhaps two or three, if it be necessary, are equipped, and sent forth to push their fortune in the valley. And these are no loss to the hamlet; they form its advanced guards, and become points d'appui of its traffic. They are not exiles, but agents. They are true colonists, linked to the mother-land by love and reverence, and a constant interchange of good offices. In grater social aggregations the same necessity is felt, and the same means of relief is at hand; but, less clear-sighted than the commonalties of Goust, or else bewildered by the complications of a numerous society, such communities lose time in arguing and temporising, till the evil becomes intolerable, and the whole fabric of the state is shaken—perhaps shattered. The mouths continue to increase, while the produce remains stationary. Envy, hate, crime, take the place of love, innocence, and peace. The land is [illegible] can no longer be [illegible]; and the public [illegible] at length [illegible] itself upon a government [illegible] and imbecility.

But although our hamlet escapes some of the evils, it yet misses, we must own, some of the advantages of a society in a more complicated state. In it individuals are nothing, and the mass everything. There is no opportunity for the intervention of genius, to hold the experience and improvement. The whole body politic must advance at once, or all remain stationary. Originality is [illegible]; novelty is a crime—an insult. Agriculture and implements, manners and knowledge, are at this day what they were in the time of Henri Quatre; and long before then, the unchanging stereotype had been cast. The currents of the world rolls by around [illegible] beneath, washing the base of that eternal rock, but unable to touch the summit with its voice or its spray.

Goust, we have said, is a democracy; and it is so in the strictest sense of the word. Distinctions of rank are unknown, and the only existing superiority is that of age. As a man in the progress of years becomes callous to the ordinary enjoyments of life, there open out to him new vistas of power and utility. Seated before their cottage doors, wrapped in the twilight radiance of the setting sun, the Centenarians of the hamlet receive the homage of their descendants. Their decisions, however, are not despotic, but constitutional; for the government is traditional, and the qualifications of a functionary are nothing more than years and memory. Property remains to this day on its original basis. No family has an inch more land than its neighbors. There being no inferiority of wealth, there is no pride of purse; and where the condition of all is known to all, there can be no pretension, no ostentation, no hypocrisy. It would seem, indeed, that there is an equality even in the intellect of the inhabitants, the means of its cultivation being so humble and so uniform; and thus the hamlet of Goust presents an almost absolute equilibrium, individual, social, and territorial, and may be looked upon as an expression of the democratic state in its simplest and purest form. Such as it is, it might form a useful study, both as regards its advantages and disadvantages, for the statesmen of these last days, if they could only raise their eyes high enough from the crowd that is rushing and struggling on the surface of the earth.

We have only to add, that this hamlet is one of several perched on the pinnacles of the Pyrenees, and almost forgotten by the parent State to which they belong. Escaping interference through their poverty, insignificance, and remoteness, they have grown up into self-supporting communities, and preserved a traditional independence in the midst of the political changes which have convulsed the rest of the country.

CORINNE OR CORILLA.

The following sketch of Madame De Stael's Corinne, we copy from the Athenæum:—

Corilla died at sixty, in the year 1800. She must, therefore, have been an old woman, near the end of her brilliant career, when Rosini knew her among the frequenters of La Fabroni's salon, her real name was Maddalena Morelli,—and by marriage with a Spaniard in the employment of the government at Naples, Maddalena Fernandez. She was born at Pistoja, of parents in humble circumstances; and was adopted for the sake of her beauty and precocious talents by the Princess Colombrano, who took her to Naples, where she married. Her vivacity, beauty, and talents, especially that for improvisation, made her at once "the rage" of Naples.

Her renown rapidly spread throughout Italy; and we find her visiting Bologna, Modena, Parma, and Venice,—and everywhere reaping fresh laurels and praises from Princes and Potentates of all sorts. Of the worthy Signor Fernandez we hear nothing whatever the while. It is to be supposed that, like a good bird, he stayed at home to keep the nest warm. In 1765, his gifted spouse went to Inspruck, at the invitation of Maria Theresa, "per [illegible] le nozze di Maria Luigia di Borbone," with Pietro Leopoldo. On her return from Germany, loaded with honors and presents of all sorts, she was made "reale poetessa," (a royal, *i. e.* not a *real* poetess, gentle reader,) with a pension from the Grand Duke of Tuscany. In 1776, we find her once more at Rome,—where she became at once the passion of the "Arcadi." These gentle shepherds named her one of their "pastorelle," and gave her the Arcadian name of Corilla Olympica,—by which she was ever after known.—"This honor," says the historian, "she merited by two *academie*, in which she treated twelve subjects, in various ancient metres, with exquisite poetical beauty, profound learning, and such rapidity that Nardini, the professor, who accompanied her on the violin, was not able to keep up with her." In the following year she was crowned, at the Capitol, on the 31st of August, 1776, after a fresh exhibition of improvisation, "*su temi filosofici e teologici*," (on philosophical and theological themes.) This was the culminating point of her glory. Cardinals, Princes, and Prelates vied in feting her; poets from all parts of Italy poured in their tribute of incense. But in the midst of all this glory, as is usually the case, it began to appear to some that the Roman world were disproportionately lavish of applause to a lady who had, after all, but made some tolerably melodious verses; such as hundreds of others could make in any desired, or rather undesired, quantity. This tone, once taken, the revulsion is generally violent. The ridicule of the thing was felt—and poor Corilla (tell it not in Arcady) was laughed at. Old Pasquin took up the cudgels, lampoons rained fast and thick, and Corilla left Rome,—in no want, however, of an honored asylum.—For Paul the First, and Catherine the Second, of Russia, invited and pensioned her. Joseph the Second, of Austria, invited her to his Capital.—But she preferred Florence; where she seems to have passed the remainder of her life, admired, honored, and beloved, in the enjoyment of æsthetic con amore [an Italian Contessa would in those days as soon have thought of giving her guests rhubarb as tea,] and in the courteous interchange of those Arcadian laudations and literary insipidities which were so much then in vogue.

THE SABBATH IN PARIS.

The number of distinguished preachers in Paris has surprised me. I expected to find "a city wholly given to idolatry." But in the pulpits of this city—besides a host of preachers less distinguished—there are at least six or eight eloquent and powerful advocates of Christianity. The French temperament is full of oratorical fire, and Paris to-day is witness that the spirit of Bossuet and Massillon is not dead.

When a son of New England first wakes up in Paris on a Sunday morning, he finds it hard to convince himself that it is really the Sabbath. The stillness, the sacred calm of this holy day are absent. In the streets he finds everything going on as usual. The shops are all open, the masons and carpenters at work on the houses, and the carts lumbering through the streets. It is a day of extra fetes, and the shops are closed a little earlier than usual, to give all time to go to the theatres or other places of amusement. I remember one Sunday morning at breakfast a Frenchman opened his eyes with astonishment when I told him that the theatres in London were not open on Sunday.—Why, said he, what do the people do with themselves?

But if the stranger will turn aside from this crowd and enter some of the churches at the hour of prayer, he will find that there are yet many thousands who have not been swept away by the infidelity around them—I have seen religious audiences in Paris as large and as attentive as at New York: and have heard the gospel of our common Saviour preached as faithfully in French as in English.

ANECDOTES OF THE FRENCH
REVOLUTION.

The colonel of a regiment of cuirassiers, which was stationed on the *Place de la Concorde*, on the critical 24th of June, related, in my hearing, this anecdote. About 11 o'clock in the morning, a gentleman of fine appearance, and well-mounted, accompanied by two other equestrians, rode up to him and exclaimed—"You are not on the right spot; follow, and I will show you where you ought to be." The colonel replied, "Sir, I obey no directions except those of my general." "But, colonel, you do not know who I am, I am *Lamartine*." "I am happy to see so distinguished a personage; I repeat, however, that I am at the disposal of my commander alone." The poet paused, as if disappointed, and then moved off, lowering his hat.

Another of my guests, of unquestionable honor, related the mode of M. Guizot's escape from Paris, as follows: "Next door to him (the representative) is a lady who was the intimate friend of M. Guizot's first wife, and maintained with the minister relations of devoted friendship. To her he repaired, in the evening of the 24th of February, for refuge; she put him in an upper room in bed, drew the curtains close; caused him to be fed by a confidential servant: represented to her household, the patient as a female friend near her *accouchement*; on the third night she adjusted a black beard and thick moustache to his face, fitted him with a *cap and blouse*, and had him conducted to the northern railroad station, whence he reached Belgium."

THE WOMEN OF OLD.—"Let me ask," says a correspondent of the *London Times*, "if as there once did exist in Rome, under Heliogabalus, a senate composed of women, at the head of which was Semiriarni, why not have one now? Or is it that the same decree that prohibited women from pleading at the bar should be the consequence—as when Calpurnia having gained her cause by her eloquence and learning? The noble Pherenice, Princess of Rhodes won the prize at the Olympic games, though heavy penalties were it consequence if *discovered*. Who were employed to deliver the oracles; and further, were there not high priestesses as well as priests? I say women were not excluded from offices in the church (such as it was) in the times of the Greeks and Romans."

A FIGHTING CLERGYMAN.

We have said that there were not wanting clergymen of the Church of England, who, like Mr. Caldwell, mingled in the strife of the Revolution. One instance, which has come to us well authenticated, we will specify.

On the breaking out of the Revolution, Dr. C., who was settled in one of the interior counties of Virginia, adopted the popular cause. Giving to his opinions, openly avowed, the additional weight of his influence and example, he raised and equipped a troop of horse, and [illegible] by a [illegible] drum and martial bearing, assumed the command himself.

His vestry were not equally well affected towards the rebels, and were disposed to doubt the propriety of his appearing in his clerical robes on Sunday, to inculcate the truths of the Gospel of Peace, and on Monday to don the habiliments of a soldier, and manœuvre a military corps. Finding remonstrances ineffectual, they requested him to resign; but this he declined. His services were acceptable to the congregation, no complaint could be brought of any neglect of duty, and so long as in his conduct he gave no cause of scandal to the Church, he considered it obligatory upon him to continue his connexion with the parish.

At last, at a meeting of the vestry, so violent became the controversy, so harsh the language addressed to him, that the man triumphed over the minister—their censure was returned in no measured terms, and, *rising in his might*, like Samson of old, he scattered his enemies, inflicting upon them the personal chastisement he thought they merited. His most determined opponent he seized by his whiskers with one hand, while he pummelled him soundly with the other, and obtained a complete victory over the whole body.

Such an event naturally excited much remark, and, notice having been given to that effect, the whole community availed themselves of an early opportunity afforded them of going to the Church to hear the Doctor's explanation. The building was crowded, the famous Troop of Horse, in full uniform, constituting an interesting feature in the audience. The Doctor went regularly through the service for the day, and ascending the pulpit, announced as his text—Nehemiah xiii. part of 25th verse—"*And I contended with them, and cursed them, and smote certain of them, and plucked off their hair, and made them swear by God.*" From this very applicable passage, he preached a serious exculpatory discourse, placing himself right before his people, and silencing all opposition to his proceedings.

Dr. C. continued in command of his troop, and served in one or more campaigns at the South among all the trials and temptations of partisan warfare, retaining the respect and esteem of all who knew him. He finally returned to his parish, resumed his parochial duties, and officiated in his old Church until his death.—*Literary World.*

FEMALE RESOLUTION.

No! I will never see him more,
Since thus he likes to roam,
And when his cab stops at the door,
John, say—I'm not at home.
He smiled last night when Julia smiled,
(They must have met before;)
If thus by her he is beguiled,
I'll never see him more!

I'll sing no more the songs he loved,
Nor play the waltzes o'er,
Nor wear the colors he approved,
I'll never please him more!
I'll conquer soon love's foolish flame,
As thousands have before,
Look strange whene'er I hear his name,
And ne'er pronounce it more!

The plait of hair I must resign,
That next my heart I wore;
He, too, must yield that tress of mine,
He stole, when truth he swore!
The miniature I used to trace,
And feel romantic o'er,
I'll tear from its morocco case,
And—never kiss it more!

This ring—his gift—I must return,
(It makes my fingers sore;)
Then there's his letters—these I'll burn,
And trample on the floor!
His sonnet, that my album graced,
(My tears then blot it o'er,)
The leaves together thus I'll paste,
And ne'er behold it more!

I'll waltz and flirt with Ensign G——,
(Though voted oft a bore!)
In short, I'll show my heart is free,
And sigh for him no more!
If we should meet, his eye shall shrink,
My scornful glance before;
Ha! that's his knock! here, John! I think,
I'll see him *just*—once more!

A FACT WORTH KNOWING.—An article in the N. Y. Tribune, exposing the Mock Auction villanies in that city, makes the following statement:

Let all strangers remember, once for all, that there is no establishment in the city where real watches and valuable jewelry are sold at auction. Such goods can neither be bought nor sold at any great reduction from the standard price. Whoever offers them thus is a swindler or a thief. Either he has stolen what he sells, or else the articles he offers are nothing but paste and galvanized pewter, and are utterly worthless. By following this plain direction, the stranger in New York will save his money and avoid being obliged to regard himself as a fool and spooney.

Wit and Humor.

"THE VOICES OF THE NIGHT."

A POE-UM.

BY PROFESSOR SHORTFELLOW.

Tired of reading, tired of writing, tired of copying and inditing,
And the bed looked so inviting, as if courting me to sleep,
That I folded up my paper, and extinguishing my taper,
Without cutting ev'n a caper, softly to my rest did creep.

Soon I fell into a slumber, and had dreamings without number,
With no nightmares to encumber the blessings of my rest,
When a sound beneath my "winders;" burst my visions into cinders—
Knocked my sleep all into flinders, so that I got up and dressed.

Such another horrid squalling, and infernal caterwauling,
Never could be so appalling, as to me it seemed that night,
The Thomas cats of all creation, were let out upon probation,
And were "scratching like the nation," in an everlasting fight.

Hastily throwing up the sashes, I made divers frantic dashes,
Of shovelfuls of fire and ashes, on the madden'd brutes below.
Quick the fiends began to scatter, and to cease their ternal clatter.
Having settled thus the matter, I again to bed did go.

But if I should live forever, it were all a vain endeavor,
And I'm certain I could never more forget the horrid fright,
Which came o'er me through the sashes, when I threw the fire and ashes,
In some half-a-dozen dashes, on the "VOICES OF THE NIGHT."

"MILKING THE BULL."—This is generally considered to be a hopeless process, a synonym, in fact, for labor in vain. But there is one Bull, John Bull, who can be milked without trouble, and to the great profit of all who like to apply themselves to his well-stored udder.

The Committee of Supply brings out curious evidence of the quantity this patient animal produces of that cream of the milk of human kindness, which mantles in the pale of society—we mean money—and of the odd ways in which the nutritious product is distributed. There is hardly a country in Europe but furnishes its calves to suck this great, good-humored Bull. The distressed Poles drain to the tune of an annual £10,000. St. Domingo sufferers, and Corsican emigrant (Who the deuce can they be?) absorb their driblet of £4,400. The King of the Belgians is "a regular sack" to the amount of we don't know how many hundreds or thousands, for travelling expenses. This item accounts for the extraordinary propensity to gadding about which we have noticed in this monarch, who ought to contest the title of Railway King with Mr. Hudson. It turns out that John Bull pays his fares: it appears to us that he ought to go farther and fare worse, before we pay another farthing for his railway and steamboat tickets.

Besides, there is the King of Abyssinia, who comes in for a drop of comfort, in the shade of £400 for presents, this year. This *is* too bad! As if John Bull had not already European pulls enough on him, they must go to the interior of Africa for black leeches to bleed the poor over-wrought old fellow with.—*Punch.*

JONATHAN'S SONNET TO PUNCH.

Immortal Punch!—it's really very tryin'
To your best friends, that's you, the sturdy foe
Of beasts of prey, should shame your nature so,
By turning jackal to the British Lion!—
You think, perhaps, he'll call you "Punchy dear,"
And praise your spirit o'er his mutton lunch,
But twice as often as he calls for Punch,
You'll hear the rascal roaring out for "beer!"
But puff him as you will, for praise or pay,—
The throne of freedom ridicule and mock,—
Cry up John Bull, and hiss the Gallic Cock—
Yet, mark me, Punch!—you'll live to see the day
When you shall give in columns freighted full,
A different history of the "Cock and Bull!"
Boston Post.

AN IRISH CLERGYMAN, having gone to visit the portraits of the Scottish kings in Holyrood house, observed one of the monarchs of a very youthful appearance, whilst *his son* was depicted with a long beard, and wore the traits of extreme old age. "Sancta Maria!" exclaimed the good Hibernian, "is it possible that this gentleman was an old man when his *father was born*?"

A TOUCHING DITTY.

When Bob got home from wandering,
He sought his Sarah dear;
And found that she, the heartless thing,
Had found another man.

And then most awful tight he got,
And then he went away,
And bound himself to go and cut,
Live oak in Florida.

He pined upon the live oak lands,
He murmured in the glades,
His axe grew heavy in his hands,
All in the wild wood shades.

Musquitoes bit him every where,
No comfort did he get,
And ah! *how terribly he'd*—say bad words,
Whenever he got bit.

At last despairing of release,
And wishing himself dead,
He went into the woods a piece,
And chopped off his own head!

A YARN OF PORK.—In a neighboring town, in which they were building a railroad, a party of Irishmen, who were employed there, went to the store of a real live Yankee, and thinking they would show a specimen of Irish wit, one asked for "a yard of pork," whereupon the Yankee deliberately cut off *three pigs feet*, and handed them to the Irishman. Put not at first understanding the joke, asked: "And sure and is that what you would be after calling a *yard of pork*?" "Certainly," replied the Yankee, coolly, "don't you know that in this country *three feet make a yard*?"

WILLING TO TRY.—An "anxious parent," who had taken her first-born to a resort where strawberries and cream were supplied *ad libitum*, for one shilling a head, inquired of the bloated little urchin, "if he could manage 'another plate'?"

"Aint quite sure!" he gasped out, "but if *you'll shake me a bit, I'll try.*"

COURT VOCABULARY.—In the Circuit Court the other day, a witness was asked as to the rationality of Joseph Buckley, tried for shooting Mr. Wymer. He said "when Buckley was sober he was very *sensitive*, as *sensitive* as any other man; but when drunk, he was very much *exaggerated*!!!—*Brooklyn Star.*

WHERE'S THE FIRE.—A gentleman who was in love with a lady, and had no opportunity to unfold his passion, appeared before her house, and cried out, "Fire! fire! fire!" upon which she threw up the window, and asked where; when he placed his hand upon his heart, and said, "Here, here, here!

The Olio.

THE ENGLISH NOBILITY.—"Man will not Abide in Honor;" and human pride never received more touching lessons than in the dilution of blood which is necessary for the transmission of the proudest honors, and in the fate that awaits the descendants alike of emperors, kings, and nobles. A descendant and one of the representatives of Thomas Duke of Gloucester, youngest son of Edward the Third, who was consequently entitled to quarter the royal arms, (a distinction that their *descent* does not confer upon the present royal family) was the sexton of St. George's, Hanover Square; and that right is now enjoyed by his sons, one an upholsterer's apprentice, the second a saddler, and the third a shoemaker. The heir of the body of a son of Robert the Second of Scotland, and the inheritor *de jure* of three ancient earldoms, died a pauper on the highway, and was buried by the charity of his neighbors. The coheirs of some old baronies have been found in a workhouse; and one of the only two representatives of Robert Fitzwalter, Marshal of the Army of God and the Holy Church, the leader of the confederated Barons who extorted Magna Charta from King John, was a servant, and emigrated a few years ago at the expense of his native parish!—*Spectator.*

AMSTERDAM.—Like a toad, the city sits squat upon the marshes; and her people push out the waters, and pile up the earth against them, and sit quietly down to smoke. Ships come home from India and ride at anchor before their doors, coming in from the sea through paths they opened in the sand, and unlading their goods on quays that quiver on the bogs. Amsterdam is not the most pleasant place in the world, when a June sun is shining hot upon the dead water of its canals, and their green surface is only disturbed by the sluggish barges, or slops of the tidy housemaids. I went through the streets of the merchant princes of Amsterdam. A broad canal sweeps through the centre, full of every kind of craft, and the dairy women land their milk from their barges on the quay in front of the very proudest doors. The houses and half the canals are shaded with deep-leaved lindens, and the carriages rattled under them with the tall houses on one side and the waters on the other. Nowhere are girls faces prettier than in Holland: complexions pearly white, with just enough of red in them to give a healthier bloom, and their hands, are as fair, soft, and tapering, as their eyes are full of mirth, witchery and fire.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

THE MOST DILIGENT PRELATE.—Bishop Latimer, speaking of the clergy, says:—"Now, I will ask you a strange question. Who is the most diligent Bishop and Prelate in all England, that passeth all the rest in doing office? I can tell, for I know who it is—I know him well. But now I think I see you listening and hearkening, that I should name him. There is one that passeth all the other, and is the most diligent Prelate and preacher in all England:—and will ye know who it is? I will tell you—it is the devil. He is the most diligent preacher of all other; he is never out of the diocese; he is never from his cure; he is ever in his parish; there was never such a preacher in England as he. In the meantime, the Prelates take their pleasure; they are lords, and no laborers: therefore, ho unpreaching Prelates, learn of the devil to be diligent in doing of your office. Learn of the devil, if you will not learn of God and good men; learn of the devil, I say."

A REAL ORNAMENT TO THE BAR.—Mr. Warren, the author of *Ten Thousand a Year*, in the course of a recent lecture in the hall of the London Law Society, recounted the following incident: "A short time ago," said Mr. Warren, "a gentleman of large fortune, a man in fact worth his £10,000, was indignant with his only child, a daughter, for marrying against his wishes. He quarrelled with her, he disinherited her, he left his whole property of £40,000 to his attorney and to two other gentlemen, all of whom were residing in Yorkshire. What did the attorney do? He went to his two colegatees, got them to sign their respective claims over to himself and then made over every sixpence of the £40,000 to the daughter and her children! When I mentioned this circumstance, this very morning, to a friend of mine, one of the most distinguished men of the bar, he exclaimed, "God bless that man." The above gratifying circumstance is literally true.

TRUE BLUE.—Everybody has heard and made use of the phrase "true blue;" but everybody does not know that its first assumption was by the Covenanters in opposition to the scarlet badge of Charles I., and hence it was taken by the troops of Lesley and Montrose, in 1639. The adoption of the color was one of those religious pedantries in which the Covenanters affected a pharisaical observance of the scriptural letter, and the usages of the Hebrews; and thus, as they named their children Habakuk and Zerubabel, and their chapels Zion and Ebenezer, they decorated their persons with blue ribbons, because the following sumptuary precept was given in the law of Moses—"Speak to the children of Israel, and tell them to make to themselves fringes on the borders of their garments, putting in them *ribbons of blue*." Num xv., 38.

ADVANTAGES OF HABIT.—Bulwer worked his way to eminence—worked it through failure, through ridicule. His facility is only the result of practice and study. He wrote at first very slowly and with great difficulty; but he resolved to master the stubborn instrument of thought, and mastered it. He has practiced writing as an art, and has re-written some of his essays (unpublished) nine or ten times over. Another habit will show the advantage of continuous application. He only works about three hours a day—from ten in the morning till one—seldom later. The evenings, when alone, are devoted to reading, scarcely ever to writing. Yet what an amount of good hard labor has resulted from these three hours! He writes very rapidly, averaging twenty pages a day of novel print.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

TOMATO HONEY.—To each pound of tomatoes allow the grated peel of a lemon and six fresh peach leaves. Boil them slowly till they are all to pieces, then squeeze them through a bag. To each pound of liquor allow a pound of sugar and the juice of one lemon. Boil them together half an hour, or till they become a thick jelly. Then put it into glasses, and lay double tissue paper over the top. It will scarcely be distinguishable from real honey. The peach leaves in the above might as well be omitted, for though their flavor is delightful, they have been pronounced very injurious, as they contain Prussic or Hydrocyanic acid, one of the most virulent and rapid poisons with which we are acquainted.

SHANTY.—Cooper, in his last production, entitled "Oak Openings, or the Bee-Hunter," remarks that the derivation of the word *shanty* has caused some speculation. He adds that the term came from the West—perhaps from the North-West—and supposes that word as we now spell it, is a corruption of "*chienté*," which it is thought may have been a word in Canadian French phrase to express "dog-kennel." *Chenil* is the true French term for such a thing, and our own word is said to be derived from it. Webster gives the word, and supposes it to be from the Irish *sean* (old) and *tig* (house.)

DISPUTATION.—What Tully says of war may be applied to disputing; it should be always so managed, as to remember that the only true end of it is peace; but generally true disputants are like true sportsmen, their whole delight is in the pursuit; and a disputant no more cares for the truth than the sportsman for the hare.

Agricultural.

FROM THE BALTIMORE AMERICAN FARMER.

PRIZE ESSAY
ON THE
RENOVATION
OF WORN-OUT LANDS.

BY EDWARD STABLER,
OF SANDY SPRING, MONTGOMERY CO., MARYLAND.

[The Publisher of the American Farmer having offered $100 for the three best Essays on the above subject, viz: $50 for the first, $30 for the second, and $20 for the third—the Committee appointed for the purpose, consisting of Dr. J. W. Thompson, of Delaware, and Judge Chambers, Messrs. C. B. Calvert, A. Bowie Davis, and N. B. Worthington, of Maryland, *unanimously* awarded to the following the first Prize. Our readers know we have no great admiration of the Prize system in general, but the small value of the Prizes offered in this case, and the character of the parties, is a sufficient guarantee of the fairness with which matters have been conducted. We publish the Essay, however, not because it is a Prize Essay, but on account of its intrinsic merits, and the interesting nature of the subject of which it treats.]

In submitting the following Essay upon the "Renovation of Worn-out Lands," it is deemed proper to state, that the writer understands the main object in view of the Editor of the American Farmer, to be, the eliciting of such information as is best adapted to the wants of the great majority of Farmers; those who are dependent on the product of the soil for a support, and whose resources are comparatively limited: for although it may be equally desirable to those with more ample means to improve their lands at the least expense of time and money, yet the number of such is comparatively small; and it is not perceived why the same plan may not suit both: the one who "lives by the sweat of his brow" improves his ten acres, while he with the "plethoric purse," may in the same time, enrich his hundred acres. With the view, therefore, to adapt it to the more numerous class of readers, the effort will be made to condense the Essay as much as possible; and as plain, and free from technicalities, that "he that runs may read."

It is almost impossible to establish a theory, or mode of farming, that can be made to suit alike, all localities—of soil, climate, and the facilities of obtaining the various kinds of manure, now in use in different sections of the country. But it is believed that with proper energy and industry on the part of farmers, and even with the *present* facilities of transportation, an increase of double, if not quadruple the lime, marl, and bones might be used to advantage; the two former, in many sections of our country are inexhaustible for generations to come: and a much greater amount of the latter might be obtained in sections where they are not used, but greatly needed, if more attention was paid to their collection and preservation.

The first step I would advise towards the "Renovation of Worn-out Lands," is a complete and thorough draining, both surface and under drains, where the location and nature of the soil renders it too retentive of moisture late in the Spring. It retards early seeding—the Winter grains and grass roots are very liable to be thrown out and injured by frosts; and on such land, the injury from drought is much more severely felt. The writer has not known a case where this operation was performed with ordinary skill and judgment, that did not fully repay the expense; and in some cases the product was increased from five to ten fold.

To go into a full description of the methods used in different sections, to accomplish this most important branch of the husbandman's duty, would require diagrams, and also too much space; nor is it considered necessary; for in the "American Farmer," (which every tiller of the soil *ought* to possess) very full and ample information may be obtained on the subject. A few general observations here may suffice. If the soil is rendered too wet by springs, whose *sources* are lower than the surrounding land, the drains must be extended to at least the same level, be the distance and depth what they may; or to a sufficient depth below the surface, to admit of under draining clear of the plough. This may sometimes be effected, by going *through* the *clay* sub-soil, and without much expense of ditching; as the water can then pass off through the under-stratum of gravel, or sand.

Wherever the *under* drains will answer the purpose, they should be adopted; for the land thus reclaimed is often the most profitable for cultivation; and where the expense of brick, or tile, is too great, or suitable stone cannot be had to construct trunk drains, a good substitute is generally within reach, by 12 to 15 inches in depth of small loose stones; covering first with leaves, straw, or small brush, to prevent filling the interstices with the returned earth. Logs or poles, laid lengthwise, also form good under drains; but are more liable to clog from decay.

The next important step, in my opinion, in "Renovating Worn-out Lands," is to plough deep, and thus expose a *new* surface to the action of frost, and atmospheric influence, in order to *make* a soil in place of the one provided by nature; but which either from cupidity, or bad management—perhaps both—man has destroyed. It is considered *one* of the most certain means to attain this desirable end: and although sub-soil ploughing is fully approved of, it is considered less important than to break up the earth from 7 to 10 inches, if the subsequent treatment is properly attended to.

The writer is well aware that there is a strong feeling of prejudice in the minds of many individuals, against this practice. What are the arguments of the advocates of shallow ploughing?—They say in so many words, "our soil is only a few inches deep, and if we do not plough shallow, we shall turn up so much clay or *dead earth*, as to raise no crop at all." If two or three inches of soil is buried in the Spring, under a bed of 5 or 6 inches of clay, and thus left without further aid, or preparation for a crop that season, the result would generally be as stated. That shallow ploughing, enables the farmer to get clear much more readily of the little soil or mould, he may have on his worn out lands, is susceptible of easy demonstration; nor is it less so, that either in a very *wet* or very *dry* season, the crop from this cause, generally suffers.

During the summer months, the greater portion of the rains fall hastily; and whenever the ground is not opened and pervious to a sufficient depth to imbibe the whole, before the surplus water can penetrate, and be absorbed by the compact subsoil, a large portion of the surface becomes *fluid*, and rapidly passes off, or "washes away," unless the land is perfectly level. What remains, after being so thoroughly saturated, has a tendency to settle into a compact mass; soon parting with its scanty supply of moisture, under a hot summer's sun, and rendering it impervious to the roots of plants. If a drought succeeds, a soil in such a state, can afford but a meagre supply of moisture to nourish a crop; and at a period, too, when the greatest amount is needed. Nearly all plants imbibe more or less moisture from the earth by their roots; and if this support is withheld, they cannot continue in a healthy and vigorous state: indeed, so necessary is this element, that many of our grass seeds and plants, will not only vegetate, but grow vigorously for a considerable period, with no other support to their roots, than what can be derived from pure water.

I am confident that in most of our lands that have become sterile, the cause is to be attributed, more to *shallow* ploughing, and *washing away* of the little soil they possessed, than to the extraction of the vegetable nutriment, by the growth of plants; in fact it is almost a necessary consequence of this pernicious practice. If the toiling farmer or planter is able to purchase a dressing of mineral manure, or fortunate enough to scrape together a scanty supply of vegetable matter from the resources of the farm, a large portion of it is carried off by the first dashing rain, to enrich still more, the beds of *creeks* and *rivers*.

Having stated some of the disadvantages which attend shallow ploughing, we will now briefly enumerate some of the advantages of deep ploughing, when judiciously pursued.

In the successful cultivation of all our crops, it is necessary that ample *food* be provided, and in an accessible form; and that moisture, equally necessary, be administered, in neither too *great* nor too *small* quantities. This will probably be admitted by all, and it is presumed the admission will also be made, that the greatest amount of nourishment derived by all our field crops is from the earth.—By deep ploughing, it rarely occurs that a fall of rain is so great or sudden, as completely to *saturate* the body of earth acted on by the plough; and until such is the case, but little danger is to be apprehended of "washing away;" and just as little, that the plants will so soon require a renewal of moisture, caused by evaporation. The soil much longer retains its loose and friable texture, and enables the roots readily to extend in all directions, in search of their appropriate nourishment; for the same reason, deep tilth admits of closer proximity of the plants, without sustaining equal injury from drought, and turning yellow; or *firing*, in common parlance.

I would ask the advocates of shallow ploughing, or the *skinning system*, as it has been aptly termed, if they have not observed the beneficial effects of earths taken out of cellars, wells, pits, &c., when applied to very poor land? And have they not observed a luxuriant growth of grass and weeds on ditch banks and mill races; even to the highest points, when level enough to retain the moisture that falls? I have often noticed such effects; and have almost uniformly observed, that if earth thus taken from below the surface, was capable of being pulverized by frost or tillage, increased fertility was the result. Such being the case, is there any valid reason for supposing, that still nearer the surface so much difference can exist, that while one will render the same land sterile, the other will positively enrich it? If advantage will result from mixing with the soil, the earth taken from many feet below the surface—and that such is the case I have had repeated evidence, and using it for this express object—I cannot perceive why a portion of the same fertilizing property may not be found in the earth, only a few inches or a foot below the surface. And last, though not least, in the catalogue of advantages, the all important item of manure, is rendered more available; and consequently, the land is both immediately and permanently benefited.

But deep ploughing alone, much as it is advocated, will not speedily make poor land rich. It also requires some judgment when, and to what extent it should be carried. Lands that are to be ploughed much deeper than usual, should be broken up in the fall; no crop should be seeded the ensuing season, that does not admit of frequent ploughing or harrowing; and, if PRACTICABLE, give it a dressing before planting, (unless previously prepared for the operation by liming a year or two in advance) of lime, or some other kind of manure.

Those two branches, viz: Draining and Ploughing, are considered important in the system of renovation, and more might be added; but perhaps sufficient space has been devoted to them, with the further remark, that no land with a clay subsoil, should be ploughed either deep or shallow, when in a state too wet to crumble or break freely before the plough. The injury is irreparable, at least for that season, as nothing short of a winter's frost will effectually pulverize it.

We will now proceed to the third important step in the process of "renovating worn-out lands." The proper kind, and application of, manures, viz: stable manure, and vegetable matter produced by the farm; lime, marl, bones, ashes, guano, plaster and turning in green crops.

It may be considered almost an axiom in farming operations, that no one should go in debt for any kind of manures, unless in favored situations where the price is very low, and the transportation cheap, (except, perhaps, for lime,) without first having fully availed himself of all his own resources; and his manure heap, too, should be his first care. No farmer need ever be at a loss for *profitable* employment for himself and hands, in adding to his stock of this all-important requisite to successful operations; and in preventing the loss and waste of what is already accumulated. When not necessarily otherwise engaged, the time is well employed in many situations by hauling the rich earth and decomposed vegetable matter, which has accumulated in the marshes, leaves, weeds, &c., and incorporating them with the contents of his barn yard; independent of their own fertilizing properties, they are valuable as absorbents, to receive and retain the more volatile ingredients that otherwise might be lost in the process of fermentation and decomposition; a few bushels of plaster may be used with much advantage for the same object.

It was the maxim of a wise man, who began the world with nothing, and became independent—and that, too, without the charge of dishonesty, or extortion ever having been alleged against him—that "a penny saved, is two pence gained." It is emphatically true, with regard to the saving, and judicious applications of manure.

As an evidence of what care and attention in regard to making and saving manure will accomplish, it is within the knowledge of the writer, that two loads of manure (with two yoke of oxen) have been hauled out this season, for every acre of arable land on the farm; and with a small exception, produced on the farm itself, without extraneous aid.

As germaine to our present purpose and object, I will here remark, that many farmers whose lands most require "renovating," keep too many horses; in nineteen cases out of twenty, and for nearly all farm purposes, one or two good yoke of oxen are decidedly preferable. They cost no more at first, and will perform twice the labor; save in expense of harness, and still more in keeping; and after working 5 or 6 years under good management, are usually worth more than the first cost, for the shambles.

Marl.—I can say but little from experience, in the use of calcareous manures; but am fully satisfied both by information derived from others, and from personal observation, that wherever it abounds, it might be made A MINE OF WEALTH to the proprietor, and the adjacent districts which admit of water transportation.

The only apparent reason why they are not more so, is, either ignorance of its great fertilizing properties, or a lack of the necessary enterprise and industry TO BECOME RICH, when every facility for the purpose, is as it were, laid at their very doors. The quantity of marl required to the acre, to produce much beneficial result, does not admit of extended land transportation; but there are thousands, if not tens of thousands of acres, bordering on, and near tide water, both in this, and neighboring States, now thrown out as waste lands, because they will no longer yield even a stinted growth of vegetation; most, if not all of which, might readily be reclaimed by the judicious use of marl; and at one-fourth the cost per acre, that lands in the interior, —originally no better, if so good,—are made to yield 10 or 12 barrels of corn, or 30 or 40 bushels of wheat to the acre. I have been informed by some of the large landed proprietors—not owning, nor residing within less than 8 to 10 miles of the marl beds—that a boat load of a thousand to twelve hundred bushels of marl, rich in carbonate of lime, could be delivered at many of their landings, at an expense not exceeding $8 to $10. Yet not one bushel was ever used!

But as was justly remarked, by one of these very intelligent and hospitable gentlemen, "it's no use to preach to a *deaf* congregation," and a further remark or two will only be added; not altogether without the hope that *something* will eventually "stir them up," and induce a trial at least, of this valuable manure. It matters less, how, when, or what quantity of Marl or Lime is applied; only MAKE THE APPLICATION, and that pretty liberally. Its application, like lime, is best made one, two or three years, and on the surface, before breaking up the land; and thus give it the benefit of the winter's frosts and snows to dissolve and incorporate it with the soil.

Lime.—This, next to the proper draining (when necessary; for even lime will not enable us to dispense with it) and deep tillage, I consider the most certain and permanent agent in "renovating worn-out lands," of any other substance with which I am acquainted: whether mineral, animal, or vegetable; and when it can be obtained at a reasonable cost, even with some miles hauling in addition, it is generally to be preferred, if only one kind of "bought manure" is to be used. It may, however, be used freely in conjunction with all other manures, and with decided advantage, if done with judgment.

After many years experience in the use of lime, I would advise in all cases were it can be accomplished, to spread it on the surface from 1 to 3 or 4 years, before the land is broken up. The effect of a single winter's frosts and rains, will more effectually dissolve and bring it into action, and benefit the succeeding crop, as also the land itself, than it is attained in a longer period, by ploughing it in as soon as applied. In this way also, a much larger quantity may be safely applied to the same land at a single dressing. As there is no loss to lime from atmospheric influence, it should be kept near the surface: and the *proper* quantity to use to the best advantage, can only be determined by the price, and the state the land may be in, at the time. With a good sod of grass roots to receive it, 100 or even 150 bushels to the acre, *will do no harm*: but on stiff clays, with little soil or mould on the surface, 50 bushels would be a very liberal application as a first dressing, if put on immediately after ploughing. It would be better to apply a less quantity at first, and renew it as soon as an increasing growth of vegetation could be obtained.

When lime is applied in very large quantities, and immediately incorporated with a poor soil, having little or no vegetable matter in it, the *effect* is to combine with the silicious particles,—abounding more or less in all clay soils—and form hard compact masses, that are not separated by years of after tillage. This mode, therefore, to say the least, is like "burying the talent;" for so much capital lies dormant, and neither benefits the farmer or his land. Twenty-five or thirty bushels as a first application, particularly if aided by even a light dressing of vegetable manure, will make a much quicker return for the outlay.

As to the *modus operandi* of lime much has been written; and various, if not conflicting theories put forth; nor do all agree as to the most judicious mode of application.

I consider it altogether unnecessary here, to attempt any explanation of the chemical changes produced in the soil by its use, or to give my own opinion on the subject, though formed after careful observation and from years experience. To the inexperienced, however, it is of much more importance to be informed *how* to use it to the best advantage. And as previously remarked, it is of still less consequence *how* or *when* applied, so THAT IT IS DONE.

Lime will act very beneficially, as I know from experience, on stiff, tenacious clays, and so near a state of sterility, as scarcely to re-produce the seed sown on them. But if used under such circumstances, and without the aid of any kind of manure, considerable time must elapse before much amelioration of the soil need be expected.

Theory without practice does not often carry much weight with it; and on the mind of the farmer, generally speaking, it acts with less force, perhaps, than with most other classes in the community; for, unless an array of facts, or good evidence, is adduced to inspire confidence, he is slow to change; the more so, when he knows that even a partial failure in a single crop, from experimenting, will be sensibly felt in his slender income, and perhaps for a year to come. This feeling, to a certain extent at least, is all right and proper; for experiments, to test any new theory, are best undertaken on a limited scale; *time* may be lost thereby, but *money may be saved in the end.*

I will now briefly give some account of the practical operation of my theory. My first application of lime to any extent, was 300 bushels, mostly air slaked, hauled six miles and applied to four acres: just broken up after a corn crop and harrowed in. This portion of the field particularly, was so thoroughly exhausted by previous bad management, that the yield in corn was only some five or six bushels to the acre; nor was the crop sensibly increased by the lime. As the main object in cultivation was to set the field in grass, the corn was followed by a crop of small grain, and a liberal supply of clover and timothy seed, and plaster; the latter producing no visible effect whatever; and nearly all the grass seed perished, leaving the surface as bare as before. But before the field again came in course for cultivation, the good effect of the lime was as evident by the growth of white clover—a new variety in that vicinity—that I was encouraged to lime the whole field containing about twelve acres, and also including this four acres; put on as before, just after breaking up for corn. The crop on this portion, was increased fully five to six fold over that adjoining, and but recently limed; thus liberally paying all expenses, and has continued ever since to produce profitable crops. Plaster now acts on it with marked effect. The first application was made some 18 or 19 years since; and to test the *durability* of lime, these four acres have been kept for experiment, and without the addition of other manure; except a portion intended for still further experiment. About two acres were sown in broad cast corn, with 200 lbs. Peruvian Guano—then followed wheat on the four acres, and with 200 lbs. Guano to the acre, leaving two lands without Guano.

The corn was materially benefitted by the Guano; but the wheat was *not* benefitted by the *previous* application of it, though it was nearly or quite doubled, over the two lands left without any Guano: the wheat was harvested two years since; and no one could now point out by the growth of the clover, uniformly good on the whole, and equally limed, which portion had and which had no Guano—the conclusion is, that the "renovating" effects of lime, are thus far, TEN times as durable as Guano; how much longer remains to be seen.

Some nine or ten years since, I determined to reclaim an adjoining field, at whatever cost. I was told long previous by one of my neighbors who sold his farm, and removed to the west, in order to settle on better land, that the attempt would be futile; or, if it ever was made productive, it would cost a great deal more than the land was worth.—The prospect *was* forbidding; for the larger portion was as much reduced as could be, by shallow tillage, no manure, no grass seed sown, and constant washing, even to gullies, and producing little else than running briars. It was broken up in the fall and winter, to a much greater depth than it was ever ploughed before; sixty bushels of quick lime to the acre, were applied in the spring, the ground well harrowed and planted in corn; such portions as required it, having been well under-drained—some 2 to 3 acres—and which were about the amount that produced anything of a crop, or that more than paid the expense of ploughing. A crop of oats and grass seed followed; as it was not considered worth the trouble and expense to put in a crop of wheat, on ⅔ of the field. After 6 or 7 years, the same field again coming in course, exactly the same plan was pursued, as to ploughing and lime; but rather increasing the depth than otherwise.

The crop of corn, though injured by the bud worm, was good—enabling me to do, what I had rarely, or never done before, *sell* from ¼ to ⅓ of the crop. Oats followed, on about ⅔ of the field, with some 5 or 6 bushels of bones to the acre, and wheat on the balance, with Guano: both heavy crops, and lodging over the greater part of the field. Then followed a wheat crop on the whole; manured as much as possible from the barn yard, and on the balance, a light dressing of guano of some 80 to 100 pounds to the acre.

The average yield of the field, was over thirty-three bushels to the acre.

These results are attained with certainty; for every field and lot are accurately surveyed, and the contents noted on the plat of the Farm; and the product of this field was kept separate, threshed, and measured by itself. The greater portion suffered from the drought early last year; and the harvesting was badly done, owing to the fallen and tangled state of the grain from a storm, about the time of ripening; but I have no doubt, several contiguous acres might have been selected on the lowest ground (the portion under drained) on which the yield was over 40 bushels to the acre.* This season, the same field yielded the heaviest crop of grass I ever harvested; and even on what was originally the poorest part, there is now a luxuriant crop of second growth clover, and intended for seed, that is lodging over the whole extent. We will estimate the profit and loss by figures:

To 60 bushels of lime, cost at the kiln, 16c.,	$9.60	
7 years interest, (though it paid in pasture in less time,)	4.03	
60 bushels of lime, cost at the kiln, 12½c.,	7.50	
3 years interest,	1.35	
6 bushels ground Bones, at 50 c.,	3.00	
100 pounds Guano (African,)	2.00	
		$27.48

CONTRA

By 33 bushels of wheat, average price sold at $1.31,	$43.23	
Estimate increase of corn crop, at least 6 barrels, at $2, (and entirely owing to the lime,)	12.00	
Estimate increase of Oat crop 20 bushels, at 40c.,	8.00	
Estimate increase of Hay 1 ton,	10.00	
Estimate value of clover seed, (for there would have been none without the lime,) 1½ bush., at $4,	6.00	79.23
		$51.75

Making, in round numbers, $50 per acre in favor of "renovating;" nor is the estimate a forced one. The actual increase of the crops is greater than the amounts assumed; and if a fair average was made of the wheat, in the joint crop of oats and wheat, the aggregate result would be increased some $5 to $6 per acre.

There should, perhaps, in the view of some, be a charge for draining, and for hauling and spreading the lime; also for the manure, for the crop of wheat; and for the expense of harvesting the *increased* crops.

The two former, are amply paid for in the increased pasture; and the manure, was no more than the actual yield of the land itself, after the use of lime, &c., which are charged in the account, and at more than the cost: and it is believed the increased product in straw and fodder, fully repays the expense of harvesting: to say nothing of the present state of the land, as compared to what it was originally. It is now RADICALLY and PERMANENTLY, improved.

When Lime has been freely used, plaster will generally, if not always, act promptly and efficiently; and thus at very small expense, materially aid in perpetuating the improvement. Previous to its application in this case, plaster was liberally used; but with no visible effect whatever: now, its action is as marked on the *same* land, as I had ever seen any where.

Wherever lime can be obtained at a reasonable price—say from 12 to 20 cents per bushel in a caustic state (or at half price, if air slaked) with even 5 to 10 miles hauling, it may be used to advantage on most, if not all stiff clay soils.

In some sections these prices are paid, and it is hauled 12 to 20 miles; and by a class of men unsurpassed for industry and thrift. The writer has known no instance where its use was persevered in, under whatever disadvantage it might be, in which success, to a greater or less extent, did not crown the effort; and many who borrowed money to procure it, in the first instance, have mainly, by its use, become independent; and *money lenders* themselves.

Bone—composed principally of phosphate of lime, and gelatinous animal matter, when crushed or ground, form one of the richest manures. It acts well either alone, or with other manures; and is particularly valuable to aid the growth of clover; for this reason, I class it decidedly before Guano, at an equal expenditure of money, for "renovating worn-out lands." Although not so prompt in acting, it is far more durable, and more likely to produce a good crop of clover, to turn under.—Clover, being almost the only "green crop" that I have ever found much advantage from turning in.

I prefer its use, following the lime, and on the oat crop; at the rate of from 6 to 10 bushels—or as much more as the renovator may please, for an increased quantity will do *no injury*. On the wheat, succeeding the oats, my practice is, to apply a light dressing of Guano say 80 to 100 pounds to the acre, to mature and perfect the grain; and only on such portions of the field, as the manure from the barn yard will not extend to. By the time the clover requires the aid of the bone, it will have become sufficiently disintegrated and incorporated with the soil, to give the clover a vigorous start; and its effect on the grass crops, is generally more durable than the vegetable manures.

The supply of *ground* bones is a limited one; but when to be had at a reasonable price (usually selling at 40 to 50 cents the bushel) it may be used to advantage on all crops and on all soils; but with decidedly *less* advantage, after passing through the *alembick* of the glue manufacturer; (as I have proved—at least to my satisfaction;) thus depriving it much of its fertilizing property. It is usually harrowed in with the seed, as it loses less by exposure to the atmosphere, than most kinds of putrescent manures.

Guano.—This is one of the most active of all manures; and if the price would justify the application in sufficient quantities, it might aid very materially in "renovating worn-out lands." But considering the evanescent nature of its most active principle, ammonia, and the present high market price, viz: the Peruvian at $60 to $70—and the more inferior kinds at $45 to $55—for the ton of 2,000 pounds, it is much doubted whether the ultimate advantage, calculated on by many, will be realized. If the Peruvian could be obtained at about *half* this price—and it is believed such would be the case with a fair competition in the Peruvian market—the case might be different.

The writer has made liberal use of Guano; and generally to profit, as to the immediate return; but in no case has much benefit been derived beyond the first crop; and rarely was any material effect perceived after the second year.

This opinion, so different from that entertained by some others, is not lightly formed, nor without several years careful observation; and also testing the matter by numerous experiments, and on a scale sufficiently extended, to prove the truth, or fallacy, of the doctrine held by some, that it is only a stimulant. Reference to one experiment may suffice, as they all tend to the same result, and nearly to the same degree.

In a field of some 10 acres, one acre was selected near the middle, and extending through the field, so as to embrace any difference of soil, should there be any. On this acre 200 pounds of Peruvian Guano, at a cost of about $5.00, were sown with the wheat. Adjoining the Guano on one side, was manure from the barn yard, at the rate of 25 cart loads to the acre; and on the opposite side (separated by an open drain the whole distance) ground bones were applied on the balance of the field, at a cost of $6 00 to the acre: the field equally limed two years preceding. There was no material difference in the time, or manner of seeding; except that the manure was lightly cross-ploughed in, and the Guano and Bones harrowed in with the wheat.

The yield on the guanoed acre was thirty-five bushels; the adjoining acre with bone, as near as could be estimated by dozens, and compared with the Guano, was about 27 bushels; and the manured, about 24 bushels. The season was unusually dry; and the manured portion suffered more from this cause than either of the others; the land being considerably more elevated, and a south exposure.

The field has since been mowed three times; the *first* crop of grass was evidently in favor of the boned part; the second, and third, were fully two to one over the Guano, and also yielding much heavier crops of clover seed. On a part of one land, eighteen bushels to the acre of the finest of the bone were used; on this, the wheat was as heavy as on the guanoed, and the grass generally lodges before harvest, as it also does on much of the adjoining land with twelve bushels of bone.

The action and durability of Guano, probably vary on different soils; and although it may generally be used to advantage in aid of a single crop, I have as yet, no satisfactory evidence, that *its* fertilizing properties are very durable; unless applied in such quantities, as may in the end, "cost more than it comes to."

Guano should *not* be used with caustic lime, or ashes; nor very soon succeeding their application. It may with decided advantage be mixed with plaster, to fix and retain the ammonia; and for nearly, if not all crops, it is best to sow it broadcast, and *plough* in immediately.

Leached Ashes—There are few, or none, who are ignorant of the value of this article as manure. But as the supply is rarely, if ever equal to the demand, much need not be said on the subject. At eight to ten cents per bushel, if the cost of transportation is not too heavy, they may always be profitably used; in durability they are next to lime, and the action immediate. Few comparatively, except within the vicinity of cities or villages, or those with water or railroad facilities, can procure, or afford to use them.

Poudrette.—Much profit has not resulted in the use of this (the merchantable) article, so far as I have observed its effects on my own, or the crops of others. Such as I have purchased, has as yet produced but slightly beneficial results on the crops to which it was applied. Its fertilizing property was diffused through such a mass of inert matter, that I concluded with half, if not one-third of the expense, more benefit might be derived from the purchase of some other kind of manure.

In the neighborhood of cities, where a supply can be obtained without so much adulteration, its use may be made very profitable.

Turning in Green Crops.—This plan of "renovating worn-out lands," has long been advocated by many. I have also given it a fair trial; and with the exception of Clover as *the* green crop, little advantage has resulted from its adoption: *very poor* land, without some extraneous aid, will not produce a green crop worth the turning in. It is questionable, whether the same amount of time and labor (supposing the occupant without the means to purchase manure of any kind) could not be better employed on such land, in adding to his stock of manure, by composts; prepared from decaying vegetable matter, alluvial soil, &c., &c., abounding more or less on all farms. If the land posses fertility to produce sufficient clover for pasture, the use of plaster either without, or certainly *with* the aid of lime, will, with good management, make it yield a luxuriant crop. But it should be borne in mind, that to improve in this way, little mowing, and less pasturing, must be permitted. The land is not only benefitted by what is *turned in*, but is also materially aided in the process of renovation, by what is *left out*, and on the surface; to shield and protect the soil from a parching sun, prevent throwing out the clover-roots by the winter frosts, and washing away of the soil, by heavy dashing rains.

This brings to mind another matter, though perhaps not strictly "in the bargain," but which is of much more importance than many seem to be aware of; and as yet only incidentally alluded to. It is the *preservation* of the land after it *is* renovated, from washing away of the soil, and into gullies, and "galled places," as they are called: this is best done by regular water furrows made with the bar-share plough, and throwing the earth on the lower side. I will attempt a brief description of my plan of operations; but without a diagram, some may possibly be at a loss.

The points to *commence* at are determined by the eye; a cheap spirit level, costing but a trifle, will soon give the termination with precision, and the proper inclination. The operator takes a station some 80 to 100 yards distant from the designated point; the assistant, having the staff, with a moveable target, and also a bundle of stakes, some 2 to 3 feet long, places one in the ground, and by its side raises the staff and moves the target up or down, to range with the sight from the level: the target is then *raised* 6 inches and confined by a screw; the assistant walks 17 steps, and raises his staff: the operator by merely turning his level, and not otherwise varying its position, soon determines the point for the second stake, by the assistant moving the *staff*, backwards or forwards, (keeping his distance from the first stake) until the target again ranges with the level; then set another stake, and raising the target six inches at each station, throughout the field. One position for the level, if selected with judgment, will serve for eight or ten sights; they should be taken in *advance*, and on, or near the *supposed* line of the furrow. With a little practice the levelling is done very expeditiously, and by any person of ordinary capacity. When ready for the plough, the leveller walks before it, (the ploughman guided by his steps) picks up the stakes as they are reached,—and if necessary by much inequality in the land—varies the line a little between the stakes, still more to preserve the level.

This gives a uniform escape for all surplus water, with a regular fall of about one foot in the hundred. My experience has proved, that if the furrows are not too far apart, (one for each fall of 5 to 6 feet will generally suffice) they effectually prevent washing; and the gradual descent of the water does not form gullies. They are made directly after seeding wheat—are as carefully attended to as the seeding itself—and remain open until the land is again broken up. They are valuable on all lands liable to wash, and have materially aided in my efforts in "renovating worn-out lands." All the unsightly "gullies and galled places" have disappeared.

Rotation of Crops.—This is also a subject of importance; and it is also one on which much diversity of opinion exists. Nothing short of the concurrent testimony of a neighborhood, will establish one plan as the best: yet in another, a different one has equally strong advocates; for in some sections of the country "the three field shift" is preferred—in another, five, and a third will adopt the six or seven field rotation. Different "localities," and other circumstances, may perhaps afford good grounds for this variety of opinion. But as a general rule, it is believed that where the latter mode is adopted, or nearly so, other circumstances being equal, the farming is better done, is more profitable, and the lands more permanently, if not more rapidly improved; close pasturing, and "renovating worn-out lands," may do in theory, but are not very likely to succeed in practice. The seven field rotation, certainly admits of a better opportunity to benefit by the aid of the artificial grasses; and whenever they can be successfully invoked, the good work is more than half accomplished.

Before taking leave of my readers, the majority of whom perhaps are engaged in agricultural pursuits, I would again briefly recur to the important subject of Manures,—one of scarcely less moment to the tiller of the soil, than is the Mariner's Compass to the tempest-tossed sailor—for mainly to their agency in some form or other, must we be indebted for success, in the renovation of worn-out lands. My preference, as may have been seen, is given to Lime over all others, when an expenditure of the slender resources of the farm is devoted to this object; and although it is not a Panacea, to cure all the ills incident to the calling, nor will it, like the fabled Satyr, "blow *hot* and *cold* with the same breath," yet on all soils to which I have seen it applied,—from the stiffest clays to the blowing sands,—does it appear to be a renovator in a greater or less degree: the one, it will lighten and mellow, while the other is rendered more compact, and more retentive of moisture. I would therefore strongly advise the use of LIME, as decidedly the most efficient and durable agent, for improving most kinds of soils. If its action may be considered comparatively slow, IT IS SURE, in its fertilizing effects; and will generally in the end, prove also to be the most economical, whenever it can be obtained at a reasonable price.

The three kinds of "bought manures" most extensively in use in this State for improving our worn out lands (Plaster of course excepted) might be classed somewhat like the following: Lime, for the *landlord*, Guano for the tenant, and ground Bones for both. All may be used to profit under favorable circumstances; but they are believed to differ materially in their relative values, in proportion to the amount of money usually expended, if the improvement of the land, is a primary object with the husbandman.

Experience, however, in this, as well as in most other things, is the best teacher; provided we do not pay too dear for it. And without intending in the least degree, to check the energy and spirit of agricultural improvement, now so widely extending, I would venture a caution to those who have but little money to expend for the purchase of high priced manures, to do it rather for such as are *known* to be durable; and which will eventually, be the most certain to return both principal and interest. I feel confident that all I have expended for lime, has been returned in the increased product of the soil; and with nearer six *times* six, than 6 per cent. interest. If the market value of the land, has not been enhanced in equal proportion (most probably the case) it certainly has not *deteriorated* any in *quality*.

As remarked at the beginning of my essay, no exclusive method of improvement, is alike suited to all locations, and circumstances; but I trust a plan is submitted that will very generally succeed if persevered in; it will not only make the grain, but the grass grow; and will, at the same time, effectually "RENOVATE WORN-OUT LANDS."

EDWARD STABLER.

Harewood, 6th mo. 28, 1848.

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* It was gleaned with the horse rake, and by the hogs; yet sufficient seed was left on the land, to produce this year, a *volunteer* crop of wheat with the grass, estimated by many who saw it, as well worth harvesting.

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 1, 10, 11, 15, 16, is an important part of the human system.
My 2, 6, 7, 10, is an office among the Arabians.
My 3, 5, 8, 13, 15, 16, is a city of China.
My 4, 5, 8, 2, is a woman's name.
My 5, 10, 6, is a part of the human frame.
My 6, 2, 8, is the plural of man.
My 7, 10, 2, signifies anger.
My 8, 15, 14, 2, is a river in Egypt.
My 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, is the Egyptian name for foreigners.
My 10, 11, 15, 16, is what we frequently wish to see.
My 11, 12, 13, 2, 10, is much used about a ship.
My 12, 11, 15, 14, is used in building.
My 13, 15, 14, 14, we are commanded not to do.
My 14, 11, 16, 2, is often seen between farms.
M , 15, 16, 13, is used in writing.
My 16, 15, 8, 2, is one of the nine digits.
My whole is a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and one of our greatest men.
JONATHAN JESSUP.

CHARADE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first all powerful on the earth,
Makes grass to grow and herbs spring forth.
Its presence all our labors cheer,
And makes existence doubly dear,
My first my second sends with speed
Swifter than cannon shot, indeed. J. J.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

Judah and Benjamin, one day bought a plank of gopher-wood, which contained in superficial content (according to our measure) 16 feet 8 inches, being 20 feet long, and measuring at one of the ends 15 inches across (having an equal taper,) for which they paid jointly 5 silver shekels—Judah paid 3 shekels and Benjamin paid 2 shekels. Now in dividing the plank according to the purchase money, Benjamin wished to take his piece from the narrow end, because he said he would then get a longer piece; which Judah consented, and divided the plank by sawing it across. I should like to hear from any Arithmetician of our days the length of each respective piece. DELTA.

The area of a quadrilateral field is 30 acres, and the diagonal is 20 rods longer than the longest side. What is the length of the sides of the field? N. R. K.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ A word there is five syllables contains,
Take one away no syllable remains.
Ans.—Monosyllable.

☞ Why is a family of ugly daughters like guns with bad locks?
Ans.—They do not go off well.

☞ What name of an English poet reminds you of the Pleurisy?
Ans.—Akenside.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.
GENERAL WILLIAM O. BUTLER.

CHARADE.—Goose-quill.

PORBLEM.

Height of flag from plain below 690.5 feet. From observers eye 983.114 feet.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.
5.88.

ANS. TO THE QUESTION PUBLISHED SEPTEMBER 16th.

Kate sold 63 of her apples, 9 for a penny, got 7 pence for them, and had 8 apples left. Betsy sold 117 apples, 9 for a penny, got 13 pence and had 2 apples left. Ann sold 126 apples, 9 for a penny, got 14 pence and had 1 apple left. After these sales were made they all three sold their remaining ones at one penny a piece, and thus each got 15 pence.

Varieties.

THE MAGNET.—The magnet, or loadstone, is an oxyde of iron of a peculiar character, found occasionally in beds of iron ore. The color varies in different specimens, but is usually of a dark-gray hue, and has a dull metallic lustre. It was first discovered in Magnesia, Asia, hence the name *magnet*. It is found in considerable masses in the iron mines of Sweden and Norway, in the isle of Elba, in different parts of Arabia, China, Siam, in the Philippine Islands and in North America. Though commonly met with in irregular masses only a few inches in diameter, yet it is sometimes found of a much larger size. One recently brought from Moscow to London, weighed one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and supported more than two hundred pounds of iron. Artificial magnets are also in general use, which are so constructed as to have a greater intensity of directive power than the natural ones. It has likewise been found that meteoric stones possess a strong magnetic virtue, resembling the loadstone of the earth.

THE KORAN.—The Koran, or prescribed record of the Mohammedan faith, consists of one hundred and fourteen chapters, each with a distinct title, but varying in length from a few sentences to several pages. No continuous subject can be said to run through the work, each chapter being in the form either of a separate revelation, or treating of a peculiar matter in faith, morals, or law. Among the titles to the various chapters, we find the following:

The Cow; The Family of Iram; Women; The Spoils; Jonas; Joseph; Abraham; The News; Divorce; The Fig; The Resurrection, &c.

The whole is a singular jumble of highly poetical passages, narratives characterized by great simplicity and beauty of style, garbled extracts from the Old Testament, and pious exclamations.

A NOVEL CHARITY.—Dr. Corson, in his "Loiterings in Europe," where he appears to have loitered to some purpose, describes one of the charitable institutions in Paris. The Parisian creches or cradles are situated near the Rue de la Harpe. It is a suite of rooms filled with cradles, swings, and toys for the children of poor laboring women. Any mother, having four children, is allowed to deposit her infant here during the day, while she pursues her necessary toil. Nurses are employed who amuse and take care of a great number of little ones, some of whom are crawling, others crying, while some are drumming or looking over picture books. It would be a good thing in this country.

TRUTH.—My Lord Wentworth gave some very cavalier advice to one going upon a diplomatic mission; he was up to the system of courts, or he could not have committed himself by such a satire:—"To secure yourself, and serve your country, you must at all times, and upon all occasions, speak the truth; *for* (says he) you will never be believed; and by these means your truth will both secure yourself if you be questioned, and put those you deal with, who question your veracity, to a loss in all their disquisitions and undertakings."—*Lloyd's State Worthies*, p. 201.

TRUE ELOQUENCE.—That sort of rhetoric is best which is most reasonable and catching. An instance we have in that old commander at Cadiz, who proved a good orator. Being to say something to his soldiers, (which he was not used to do,) he made them a speech to this purpose: "What a shame would it be, you Englishmen, that feed upon good beef and beer, to let those rascally Spaniards beat you, that eat nothing but oranges and lemons." And thus he put more courage into his men than he could have done by a learned oration.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"—The Northern Star of Saturday last states that Mr. Hutchinson, of this town, has registered a child as Eliza O'Connor Shelley Cook. The singularity of the compound induced us to make inquiries, when we found that the father had previously named two of his children Emma Owen Paine Cook and Thomas Paine Owen O'Connor Bethoeven Cook!!! Shades of Paine, Shelley and Bethoeven, rise, and do honor to the man who has "cooked" your names for posterity.—*Suffolk Chronicle.*

REMEDY FOR TOOTHACHE.—A mixture of two parts of the liquid ammonia of commerce with one of some simple tincture is recommended as a remedy for toothache, so often uncontrollable. A piece of lint is dipped into this mixture, and then introduced into the carious tooth, when the nerve is immediately cauterized, and the pain stopped. It is stated to be eminently successful, and in some cases is supposed to act by neutralizing an acid product in the decayed tooth.—*Lancet.*

TH

EDMUND DEACO
HENRY PETERS

DEVOTE

VOLUME

Original

WIND OF T

WRITTEN FOR THE SAT
BY HENRY

Oh, Wind of the West, so
Let me sit in this summ
And feel thee borne on o'er
Whose light waters cu
Let me feel thy breath play
And nestle amid my th
And thy tones, joyous wind
Of nature, and beauty,

I will think of thee now as
That bore my light sha
When the little boy sailor w
And steered not by com
I will think of thy dash in th
That bore my light ves
While my young heart m
the gale,
And my warm lips bro

I will think of thee now as
To play on my feveris
As I sat in the casement an
Of the stars in the heav
When my spirit was sick,
And I lived but in fever
And I longed for the tim
flow
Should cool off the hea

I will think of thee now as
With the foam crest ab
To a love whose lone beaut
And a form that is cold
I will think of thee now as
With the sorrow of ye
With the laughter of fiends
And a speed that had ne

I will think of thee now as
That shall bear my warn
And kiss the pale cheeks I
And say what their love
I will pray thee to bear to a
The truth of my spirit
And bring me back word t
And that hope on my p

Oh, Wind of the West, I h
I shall love thee when d
I would pray thee to come
And speak to the dust o
Oh, Wind of the West, I
breath,
If it might be, below th
And think it a memory that
And a kind wish from

Pictures

DUNCOMB
(CONCLU

BY THE MAI

CHAPT

DECEMBER 16TH.—The
line of action, and I have
ner which precludes the p
I descended to breakfast
him talking to his daughte
ment on the threshold of
Margaret, my dears," sai
complacent tone of voice,
very weak woman. I sho
her every possible kindne
stay with us, but at the
you very careful not to suf
ments to have any influe
"That is exactly what I t
sponded Anne, with alacr
more as possible, and, quite
because I was counted for
of all my secret self-cong
place which I held in m
opinion! I am properly
And now we all go on ve
a strange manner enough
avoids me as much as pos
me when we come in con
good-humored condescen